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THE
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

JUNE, 1953

THE CORONATION

I—THE MONARCHY

THE British people possess in a superlative degree the faculty of doing one thing while making believe that they are doing something entirely different. This trait, which irritates foreigners and endears them to their friends, even partially deceives themselves. Thus they are at one and the same time among the most conservative and the most liberal of peoples. They accept revolutionary changes provided they are garbed in the vestments of antiquity. They retain on their Statute Book laws whose non-observance is taken for granted. Distrustful of logical reasoning they possess an almost uncanny horse-sense which enables them in nine cases out of ten to reach sound conclusions based on fallacious premises, and to do the right thing from apparently wholly wrong-headed motives. Copious examples of this behaviour could be culled from their reactions to religion, sex, marriage, art, sport, and indeed, from nearly all branches of their private and public life. But it is in their attitude towards their Constitution that it reaches at one and the same time its most illogical and most sensible consummation. Not many years ago a newly-elected M.P. of pronounced republican and single-chamber opinions was conducted along the passage from the Commons to the Lords to hear the Sovereign read the King's Speech. On his way back he murmured thoughtfully to one of his colleagues: "It will take a lot to shift all that."

In England, long before the House of Commons came into existence, the sovereign governed the country according to his own will. He alone was the fountain source of justice, of administration, of foreign relationships, and of the enactment of new law. He took advice from his "Privy Council," but was no by means bound to follow it, and even as late as Tudor times frequently acted contrary to it. Today most of the substance of this has disappeared, but in form it remains unchanged. It is the "Queen's Ministers" who administer the country, and they do so by virtue of the fact that the Cabinet is a sub-committee of the Privy Council. It is another sub-committee of the Privy Council which sits as a final Court of Appeal to review the decisions of "Her Majesty's Judges." Foreign affairs are conducted by one of "Her Majesty's principal secretaries," and he still nominally acts under her instructions. Even in legislation, where Parliament is in effective control, the Assent of the Sovereign is required before a Bill can become an Act, and that assent is still given in Norman French, and the assent is couched in different words in the case of a "Money Bill," which is still regarded as a gift by the people to the Sovereign.

It would be quite wrong, however, to assume that because the monarchy has become "constitutional" instead of "absolute," the monarch is a mere figure-head. The sovereign is entitled to be informed and consulted about all major issues of policy, and the fact that he normally holds his position for life and is above party makes the consultation far from being a merely fictional formality. Moreover, there are still certain circumstances and certain occasions when the Sovereign not only may, but must exercise a personal choice, and as I shall presently show, an important addition to these has been made in the last few years.

Among the classical occasions may be cited the following prominent examples. First, as to the choice of a Prime Minister on the demise or retirement of a previous Prime Minister, or on the defeat of the Government. Generally, the right person to be invited is so clearly indicated that the Sovereign cannot fail to act in accordance with the general will. But this is not always the case, and then the Sovereign must use a personal discretion. A comparatively recent instance is that when Lord Curzon was passed over because the Sovereign held that it was no longer desirable that a Prime Minister should be in the House of Lords.

Secondly, in the matter of an appeal to the electorate. A dissolution of Parliament is the act of the Sovereign, and under all ordinary circumstances he will follow the advice of his Prime Minister as to whether and when it should take place. But when a government is defeated very shortly after one general election, it would not be unconstitutional for the ruler to refuse a second election until an Opposition leader had been sounded as to whether he was prepared to hold office.

Thirdly, as to the creation of peers. All honours and titles are theoretically in the gift of the Sovereign, but with certain exceptions, they are given on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. In past history, notably as recently as in 1910, there have been occasions when the House of Commons and the House of Lords being in conflict, the Prime Minister has asked the Sovereign to create such a number of new peers as to force the House of Lords into submission. In 1910 King George V consented only on the proviso that a general election should first be held. When the new House of Commons confirmed the Government in office, the King allowed his willingness to create sufficient peers to become known. At this stage, however, the House of Lords gave way. It is not very likely that a similar situation will occur again, because arising out of the conflict of 1910 the powers of the House of Lords were greatly reduced by the Parliament Act of 1911, and were further curtailed by the amending Parliament Act of 1949. It is now much simpler to bring the House of Lords to heel by the machinery of these Acts than to call into play the cumbersome procedure of an approach to the Crown to create peers.

In the nineteenth century there were no self-governing Dominions, and the rule that the Sovereign was required to act in accordance with the advice of his Ministers was quite simple in its application, because there was only one set of Ministers, namely, those in the United Kingdom, to be consulted. But when some Colonies became completely self-governing and the Statute of Westminster was enacted giving full effect to this situation, the Sovereign for the first time had several co-equal

sets of Ministers whose advice he had to listen to. Of course, generally this presents no difficulty, because in all ordinary circumstances the advice tendered by a particular Ministry relates exclusively to that member of the Commonwealth for which it is responsible—a British Prime Minister for the United Kingdom and her colonial dependencies, a Canadian Prime Minister for Canada, an Australian for Australia, and so on. But an occasion can theoretically arise, and it is not impossible to imagine situations in which it would actually arise, in which two or more nation-members of the Commonwealth are involved, and in which their respective Ministries might take different views as to the action which they desired the Sovereign to adopt. If ever this were to happen, the Sovereign would be called on to make a decision which might be of supreme importance.

It is not often, however (very likely not more than once or twice in a reign) that a Sovereign is called on to act in any of the situations described in the last few paragraphs. But anyone who would jump to the conclusion that during all the rest of the time the possession of the Crown was a sinecure would be grievously in error. The routine duties are extensive and exacting. Following on the practice of her predecessors, Her Majesty the Queen, after an early breakfast, spends the whole morning at her desk in consultation with her private secretary informing herself on public affairs, signing documents, and on occasions holding a Privy Council and seeing Ministers. Such duties are traditional. Among the records kept in the House of Lords are documents signed by Henry VIII, Edward VI, Elizabeth I, and James I of England. When I was Secretary of State for India, it was my duty to sign innumerable papers at the bottom right-hand corner, which George VI signed at the top as George R. When later he went to South Africa, he expressly told me to be sure to send him copies of all the more important telegrams to and from India. And I was, of course, only one out of his "principal Secretaries of State" and other Ministers. Today Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to sign with her own hand the Summons to individual peers to attend her Coronation at the Abbey on June 2.

The social functions of the Court, gay and enjoyable as they seem to the guests, also impose a very considerable burden on the Sovereign and on the other members of the Royal Family who are present. Lists of the more distinguished guests are drawn up in advance and approved by the Sovereign, and during the function these people are specially introduced and have an opportunity for a short conversation. It is, of course, essential that the Sovereign shall be adequately acquainted with the background of the life of each one of these guests so as to be able to have really useful and interesting talks with them. I am sure that anyone who has had on a very much smaller scale to equip himself or herself in a similar way will appreciate the careful and indeed exacting preparation required if the duty is to be adequately performed.

But the British people want from their Sovereign something more than the faultless performance of all these duties. That something is not very easy to define, for it springs from the heart and not from the head. It belongs to the emotions rather than to the reason. It is on the plane of poetry, music, romance, passion, and love. The Sovereign must be

all that they would like to be and are not, and yet must be essentially themselves, sharing with them all their human strength and weakness. The Sovereign must be the fairy prince or the fairy queen stepping down out of the story book and walking in at the door of their daily lives. Just as the lover seeks and finds in the beloved something beyond the limits of the finite and the temporal, so the British people seek in their Sovereign something which transcends their common limited experience, and satisfies their longing for the sublime. And, astounding as it may seem, what they look for they find. Is this just another example of romantic make-believe? May be. But then so must also be counted the song of the nightingale, the rapture of the spring, the lover's first kiss, the smile of the babe on its mother's breast. And these things are very precious. Without them life would be devoid of colour, and the poets would cease to sing. So let not the grey heads assembled in the Abbey on June 2 feel ashamed when a lump comes in their throats as their gracious young Queen dedicates herself afresh to the service of her people. And let the vast crowds outside give full vent to their emotions as carried away by her enchanting smile and lovely greeting, they look with passionate affection upon their Sovereign and cry aloud:

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

PETHICK LAWRENCE.

II—CORONATION CEREMONIES

THE confirmation of sovereignty by a coronation ceremony is recorded in the Bible. Jedaiada "brought forth the King's son and put the crown upon him and gave him the testimony and they made him King, and anointed him, and they clapped their hands and said God save the King" (11 Kings: xi, 12). To the bulk of the populace the anointing, the placing of the crown upon the head, and the giving of the testimony, all of which takes place "in the House of the Lord," is less tangible evidence of the establishing of the régime than is the coronation procession. This fact of mass psychology was fully understood by Jedaiada, who "took the rulers over hundreds, and the captains, and the guard, and all the people of the land and they brought down the King from the house of the Lord, and came by way of the gate of the guard to the King's house" (11 Kings: xi, 19).

The Saxon Kings of our own country had their coronation solemnized by the Church, and it is reasonable to conjecture that both the anointing and the setting of the crown were introduced with Christianity; but no records are available for the period before the arrival of St. Augustine, nor for two hundred years after. Later we have documentary evidence: Egfrith was "hallowed to King" by his father Offa, King of Mercia, in A.D. 758. Eardwulf was anointed and crowned King of Northumbria by Archbishop Eanbalde, assisted by Bishops Ethelberte, Highbalde and Badwulf, in A.D. 794. Edmund was crowned King of the West Angles by Humbert, Bishop of Elmham, in A.D. 856. Alfred the Great became King of Wessex and was crowned at Winchester in A.D. 872; his immediate successor, Edward the Elder, and the seven following, were crowned

upon the King's Stone—still to be seen at Kingston-on-Thames. For King Canute the ceremony was performed in London, by Livingus; but a return to Winchester was made by Edward the Confessor on Easter Day, A.D. 1042. The first coronation to take place at Westminster was that of William, the invading Duke of Normandy, on Christmas Day, A.D. 1066. The Conqueror had already acquired a reputation for ruthlessness and cruelty, hence, when Aldred, Archbishop of York, put the formal question to the bishops, nobles and people, asking if it was their wish that William should reign over them, he evoked so loud a response that the Norman soldiers on guard without, fearing that a rebellion had commenced, set fire to the doors of the Abbey, and there was, in the ensuing panic, heavy loss of life; consequently, even if a coronation procession had been organised, it was wisely abandoned.

The regalia remained housed at Westminster until Henry VIII judged the Tower a safer and more appropriate repository, hence Queen Elizabeth made the voyage downstream in order to return suitably bedecked overland, through the City of London to Westminster, for the coronation ceremony and service. The Tudor royal palaces, Richmond and Greenwich, as well as Westminster, were built upon the banks of the Thames, which was a natural and inviting highway through the city, where the narrow thoroughfares, mired and malodorous underfoot, made transit unpleasant. The nobility had built their town residences upon the foreshore between London and Westminster, and they vied with each other in the luxurious equipment of their barges. These vessels were propelled by oarsmen dressed in livery, having their masters' heraldic badge embroidered on back and chest. The City Corporation and the livery companies possessed similar craft, and it was a gaily beflagged fleet that took up stations on the water at Westminster on January 12th, A.D. 1558, for the purpose of accompanying Elizabeth on her journey downstream. The City spared nothing in its enthusiasm for the Queen, to whom they were bent on demonstrating their loyalty and their genuine delight at her accession. Holingshed tells us: "the bachellers barge of the lord-maiors companie, to wit, the mercers had their barge trimmed with a foist, and artellerie aboard, gallantlie appointed to wait upon them, shooting off lustilie as they went, with great and pleasant melodie of instruments, which played in most sweet and heauenlie manner. Hir Grace shot the bridge about two of the clock in the after noone, at the still of the ebbe, the lord-maior and the rest following after hir barge . . . till hir maiestrie tooke land at the privie stairs at tower wharfe." Two days passed in which the City feverishly put the finishing touches upon the magnificent preparations made to do proper homage to their Protestant Queen, and on "the fourteenth daie of Jaunarie, in the yeare of Our Lord God 1558, about two of the clocke in the after noone, the noble and christian princesse, our most dread souereigne ladie Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queene of England, France and Ireland, defender of the faith &c.: marched from the tower, to passe through the citie of London toward Westminster, richlie furnished, and most honourable accompanied, as well with gentlemen, barons, and other nobilitie of this realme, as also with a notable traine of goodlie and beautifull ladies, richlie appointed."

It was an age of excellence in the histrionic art, and the fullest attention was given to the spectacular character of the rejoicing. Costumes of velvet and of satin trimmed with lace woven of gold and silver thread; rich furs and a costly display of feathers bedecked not only the nobility riding in procession with the Queen, but also the more substantial citizens who lined the route, or who, from balconies brilliant with cloth of gold, added their voices to the merry clamour below. "At hir entring the citie, she was of the people receiued marvellous intierlie, as appeared by the assemblies praiers, wishes, welcommings, cries, tender words, and all other signs, which argued a woonderfull earnest loue of most obedient subiects towards their souereigne. And on the other side, hir grace by holding up hir hands, and merrie countenance to such as stood farre off, and most tender and gentle language to those that stood nigh unto hir grace, did declare hirselle no lesse thankefullie to receiue hir peoples good will, than they louinglie offered it unto hir." A series of "pageants" were provided to both entertain her majesty and express the City's admiration of her character and virtues. Each pageant consisted of a platform like a bridge spanning the street, and on this stage a tableau was enacted. The first of these was encountered at Fenchurch, where "was erected a scaffold richlie furnished whereon stood a noise of instruments, and a child in costlie apparell, which was appointed to welcome the queens maiestrie in the whole Cities behalf. Against which place when hir grace came, of hir owne will she commanded the chariot to be staid, and that the noise might be appeased, till the child had uttered his welcoming oration."

The chariot—for the luxury of a closed coach was not yet—was accordingly brought to a halt, the musicians ceased their "noise of instruments," whereupon the child, doubtless well trained for his work, and presumably employing appropriate gestures and posturings, gave voice to thirty-two lines of rather poor English verse. The City Fathers, who had spared neither pains nor pence, ought to have appointed a literary adviser on the matter of what was to be spoken; however, the deficiency in the poem's technical perfection was amply compensated in its noble and complimentary sentiments, "and the queens maiestrie thanked most heartilie both the citie for this hir gentle receiuing at the first, and also the people for confirming the same." Upon completion of this pretty ceremony, the Queen's procession "marched forward towards Gracious Street, where at the upper end before the figure of the eagle, the citie had erected a gorgeous and sumptuous arch as here followeth." Three platforms rose one above the other; upon the lowest, two figures appeared clad as King Henry VII and his queen, Elizabeth of York. The next was occupied by the unmistakable representations of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn; but on the last and highest was a personification of the glory of the age—Queen Elizabeth herself. The whole construction was brilliantly banner bedecked, the paramount design motif being the combined roses argent and gules—now the Tudor rose of the City of Westminster—as a symbol that the great Houses of York and Lancaster were fully and for ever united. Once again the Queen stopped the procession and inquired the meaning of the tableau: a child forthwith rendered an explanation in verse. The cavalcade continued its triumphal progress through the happy excited

throng, and passing along Cornhill "by the conduit, which was curiously trimmed . . . with rich banners adorned, and a noise of lowd instruments upon the top thereof," the Queen saw the next pageant ahead of her. "Upon the top or uppermost part of the said pageant, stood the armes of England, roiallie purtraitured with the proper beasts to uphold the same." Here was a scene in which a figure representing the Queen, and emblematic of all the virtues, secured a total victory over the representative of all the vices; and in order that there should be no misunderstanding, a set of explanatory verses had been prepared. Again a child was chosen to recite them. Onward through Cheapside where the great conduit "was beautified with pictures and with sentences accordinglie, against hir graces comming thither"; and there, "over against Soper Lane," a pageant spanned the way. "On the forepart of the said pageant, was written in faire letters the name of the foresaid pageant in this manner:

"The eight beatitudes expressed in
the fift chapter of the Gospell of
Saint Matthew, applied to our
Souereigne ladie queen Elizabeth."

This, one might think, was the pinnacle of inventiveness, but no: "at the standard in Chepe, which was dressed faire against the time . . . with banners and other furniture," her majesty espied a further pageant ahead; and upon her inquiring what this one might represent, she was informed "that there was placed Time. Time, quoth she, and time hath brought me hither." Upon pursuing her inquiry, "the whole matter was opened to hir grace"; nevertheless she viewed the performance as though it were indeed new to her. The platform was dressed on the one side to represent a decaying state, and on the other a flourishing one. From a cave Time emerged, leading by the hand his daughter, Truth, who bore a copy of the English Bible which she modestly presented by means of a silken cord (the platform being above the street) to Elizabeth, who received it reverently, pressed it with both hands to her heart, and declared her gratitude to the City to be deeper for this gift than for all the cost they had gone to in her honour. At the upper end of Chepe, the right worshipful Recorder of the City of London presented a purse of crimson satin worked in gold, which contained a thousand marks, and he begged of her "to continue their good and gracious queene. . . . The queens maiestrie with both hir hands tooke the pursse, and answered to him again marvellous pithilie. . . . I thanke my lord maior, his brethren, and you all. And whereas your request is that I should continue your good ladie and queene, be yee ensured, that I will be as good unto you, as ever queene was to hir people. No will in me can lacke, neither doo I trust shall there lacke onie power. And persuaue your selues, that for the safetie and quietnesse of you all, I will not spare (if need be) to spend my bloud." Temple Bar "was dressed finelie with the two images of Gogmagog the Albion & Corineus the Briton, two giants big in stature," who joined their mighty hands and held aloft a set of Latin verses summarising the story of the day's festivities.

Thus Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth I emerged from the City of London, and "on sundaie the five and twentieth of Januarie hir maiestrie was with great solemnitie crowned at Westminster in the abbeie church there, by

doctor Oglethorpe bishop of Carleill." The See of Canterbury was at the time vacant, and that of York held by Nicholas Heath. He had been a staunch supporter of Mary, and maintained views on the indissolubility of Henry's marriage to Catherine of Aragon; hence he refused to officiate at the crowning of the daughter of Anne Boleyn. He was, however, by no means disloyal to Elizabeth. He had, in his capacity of Chancellor, proclaimed her to the House of Lords, and it was his secular support that seemed the more valuable.

With the cheers of the populace still ringing in her ears, Elizabeth dined in Westminster Hall, "which was richlie hoong, and euerie thing ordered in such roiall maner, as to such a regall and most solem feast apperteined. . . . Sir Edward Dimmocke Knight, hir champion by office, came riding into the hall in faire complet armor, mounted upon a beautifull courser, richlie trapped in cloth of gold . . . and . . . cast downe his gauntlet: with offer to fight with him in hir quarell, that should denie hir to be the righteous and lawfull queene of this realme." Four hundred years have sped away, and on the second day of June Queen Elizabeth II will receive the crown. And John Lindley Marmion Dymoke of Scrivelsby, Champion to the Queen, and Standard-bearer of England, will play his part, like his ancestors before him.

JULIAN FRANKLYN.

III—THE CROWN JEWELS

THE Crown Jewels are an epitome of the nation's adventure through the centuries. By reason of their dignity and brilliance they are one of the sights of the world, and their popularity has never been in question. When, in 1947, after having been hidden away for eight years from the perils of war (it is said in the underground confines of Windsor Castle), they were restored to the Tower of London, sometimes as many as six thousand people a day visited this regalia, which plays so honourable and spectacular a part in the formal life of the State. Coronation Year is, of course, a time when the Crown Jewels are brought most prominently into the public eye. Shortly before the momentous day in Westminster Abbey, the Crown Jewels are taken under a heavy guard of plain-clothes detectives in a covered van from the Tower to the premises of the Crown Jewellers in Albemarle Street. There special police and detectives are on duty night and day. On the last occasion of the kind, previous to the Coronation of His Majesty King George VI, eight men travelled in the van carrying the regalia. Immediately it reached the street from the Tower, a police car containing four men came from a side street and followed it to Albemarle Street. There more than thirty detectives were on duty, patrolling the street and quietly observing every passer-by. Included in the regalia were the Crown of England (St. Edward's Crown), the Imperial State Crown, the Queen's Crown, the jewelled Sword of State, the Sword of State (carried before the Sovereign at the opening of Parliament), the Swords of Mercy and of Spiritual and Temporal Justice, the Coronation Ring, the four Sceptres, two Maces, the Orb, the Golden Spurs, a set of gold Communion plate, the Ampulla, the Anointing Spoon, the King's gold walking staff, and the

State silver trumpets. Officially the Crown and the other objects are in the custody of the Lord Chamberlain, who is responsible for their removal to the Abbey the night before the Coronation. They are taken in one of the royal coaches, escorted by a guard of the Household Cavalry.

Quite apart from the pre-Coronation refurbishing, from time to time the Crown Jewels are given a wash and brush-up, and the Crown Jewellers say the formula is the same as for any ordinary jewels: "Soap and water, with soda, ammonia, box-wood dust, and jeweller's dusters." One job of this kind was done a couple of years back by three men whose identity was known only to the Governor of the Tower and the firm employing them, the Crown Jewellers. During the time they were there the Jewel House was locked. Inside, watching the cleaning of the most magnificent surviving collection of crown jewels in the world was a director of the Crown Jewellers, a representative of the Lord Chamberlain's office, and Colonel E. H. Karkeet-James, whose official title is: Major and Resident Governor and Acting Keeper of the Jewel House. The jewels, except at the period of a Coronation, are in the Wakefield Tower, which has walls eight feet thick, and only one entrance, and they are safeguarded by human vigilance and by every appropriate resource of science. In this connection it is worth recording that a former Keeper of the Jewel House used to tell of the amusement on the faces of the warders as they watched known burglars considering—*forlornly*—the possibility of robbery.

Alarms have been given from various causes, and prove excellent try-outs of the system of protection. One night in October last, for instance, radio cars from the City and Metropolitan Police forces rushed to the Tower. The alarm had sounded in the Jewel House, and the secret precautions were immediately put into action. When the cars arrived they found the alarm was accidental. Even more interesting was what took place only three months after his late Majesty's Coronation. A fuse-box blew up at the Tower and put the lights out, and a number of more important things happened in quick succession: a steel grille slammed down over the Crown Jewels; a special guard was mounted in the Jewel House; other troops fixed bayonets and rushed to all the exits, while buglers sounded the alarm; intending visitors were kept away, and no one inside the Tower walls was allowed to leave. Meanwhile the fire picket hastened with fire-fighting appliances to the fuse-box in the Devereux Tower, detachments of the Coldstream Guards ran to reinforce the guards at all the exits. Several fire engines also arrived, but apart from putting the lighting system out of action, the explosion caused little damage. The net result was a large increase of sightseers after things had cooled down. They roamed the grounds in quest of sensation, but—they did not see the Crown Jewels. The Jewel House was closed for the day. Very different is the value placed on these jewels today as compared with former times. At the time of the Commonwealth the jewels collected by the Throne through six centuries were almost "*totallie broken and defaced*" by a blacksmith's hammer at the Bar of the House. Some few things did emerge more or less intact after the Restoration. Notable were two which play an important part in the religious ceremonial of the Coronation. The main portion of the Ampulla in the form of a golden eagle, which holds the sacred oil, is thought to be

medieval, and the golden spoon, into which the oil is poured, probably dates from the reign of King John. The Ampulla had a lucky escape from destruction at the time Cromwell's soldiers were despoiling the churches. At the time it was in Westminster Abbey, and was not recognised as a regal emblem.

The fact that so much of the royal regalia was desecrated during the Commonwealth means that a great proportion of the jewels are comparatively modern. That brief heresy of Cromwell's was an act that has been deplored ever since, and which made a definite break in the history of Britain's Crown Jewels. For the most part the Crown Jewels come from the reign of Charles II or later, but fortunately the men who made them seem to have regarded their task as an opportunity for linking the new ages with the past. St. Edward's Crown, though made for the Coronation of Charles II by Sir Robert Vyner, was patterned upon the ancient crown of King Edward the Confessor, destroyed during the interregnum. It is still worn by the Sovereign during the earlier part of the Coronation, but later in the service is replaced by the rather lighter Imperial State Crown. A relic of this re-making found its way to Australia with a younger branch of the Vyner family, the head of which still bore the name of Robert. His home was four miles from Sydney, and in the hall stood the large iron box in which the Crown Jewels were kept while being made up for Charles II. The key fitted so closely that it could only be inserted slowly as the displaced air escaped. The St. Edward's Crown destroyed during the Commonwealth was reputed to have been the actual one worn by Edward the Confessor. The present St. Edward's Crown is a very beautiful object, the circlet of gold being adorned with rosettes of precious stones, surrounded by diamonds. The crown is surmounted by a cross, and symbolical of kingship is the deep curve of the arch. This is the Crown of England.

Even more magnificent is the Imperial State Crown, the most valuable and beautiful crown in the world. This was made for Queen Victoria in 1838, and re-made this century, yet by reason of the jewels it bears it is even more closely knit with the nation's history than St. Edward's Crown. Some of these are among the most famous precious stones in existence. Among them is the irregular spinel or ruby, which is wrongly said to have been sold for £4 in 1649. It was sold but for a larger sum, but somehow or other returned to the royal possession after the Restoration. Last century Professor Tennant, describing this wonderful jewel to distinguished historians and archaeologists, spoke of it as follows: "It is said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward III, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro (the Cruel), King of Castile, after the Battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This jewel was worn in the helmet of Henry V at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. Around the ruby, to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds." This wonderful jewel is as large as a small hen's egg, and it is in the cross at the front of the crown. Other splendid stones in the crown have long histories, one being the great sapphire from the crown of Charles II, known as the Stuart sapphire. This is on the reverse side of the band of open silver, in the front of which is the second largest portion of the Star of Africa (Cullinan Diamond), presented to Edward VII. One of the sapphires

comes from Edward the Confessor's ring, and the silver arch rising from the crosses worked into a design of oak leaves and acorns reminds of Charles II's escape from capture in the oak at Boscobel. The large pearls hanging from the points of intersection of the arches were once Queen Elizabeth's earrings. The following summary of the gems contained in the crown gives some idea of its magnificence: the great sapphire and ruby, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 147 smaller diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, and 273 other pearls. This is the crown which the Sovereign wears at the opening of Parliament.

The most amazing episode in the history of the Crown Jewels was their attempted seizure by the notorious Colonel Blood only a few years after their re-making. This gentleman was a soldier of fortune who had espoused the Parliamentary cause, and after the Restoration found himself down on his luck, with his Irish estates sequestered. To recoup his fortunes he planned the astonishing design of stealing the royal regalia, which he had noticed when visiting the Tower, was only guarded by a trustworthy but aged keeper named Edwards. In the spring of 1671, disguised as a parson, and having a woman with whom he passed off as his wife, Blood visited the Tower and expressed interest in the jewels. During this visit the woman feigned illness, and old Edwards called his wife, who took the patient to the neighbouring lodgings and cared for her. Blood pretended the utmost gratitude and returned a day or two later with half a dozen pairs of gloves as a present for the old lady. In this way he struck up a friendship with the couple, and not so long afterwards suggested a match between a (supposed) nephew of his and Edwards' daughter. He proposed bringing the young gentleman along at seven o'clock one morning for an introduction, asking for this early time because he had to be away from town in the afternoon. He turned up with three ruffians to assist him, and introduced them as his nephew and two friends who would like to take the opportunity of seeing the Crown Jewels while they were at the Tower. When they got into the Jewel House they knocked the old man down, but he was full of pluck and yelled at the top of his voice, so they beat him senseless. The rogues seized the orb, sceptre, and crown. Unluckily for them, while trying to file the sceptre in two, a son of old Edwards, accompanied by a brother-in-law, came on the scene, and the villains were interrupted. The old man, having recovered somewhat, starting shouting again, the daughter rushed outside and raised the alarm there, and Captain Beckman, the brother-in-law, chased after the decamping Blood. The jewels were recovered and Blood captured. He was taken before the King and, quite unabashed, behaved with insolent effrontery, swearing that he had done Charles signal service in the past, saving his life from plotters on at least one occasion. The story was, no doubt, false, but the King not only pardoned him, but allowed him to become a favourite about court, restored his estates, and gave him a pension of £500! As so often happens, the deserving ones were almost forgotten. Poor old Edwards and his wife received the meagre reward of £200 and £100 respectively, in the form of grants on the Exchequer, but they were obliged to sell them for half their value through difficulty in getting the cash. D. ENGLAND.

LIVING IN VIENNA

YOU cannot go to the circus during the winter in Vienna, although there is one. It shows only in a vast, draughty tent which would be a death-trap for children when the icy winds of winter sweep down from the Alps across the plain to the capital. Before the war the circus in Vienna had a well-heated, permanent home way out in the Prater, near the Danube. It was burnt out and blown to fragments when the retreating Nazis made their last stand against the advancing Red Army in 1945. The building lay in what is now the Russian sector, and has consequently never been rebuilt. Few people are prepared to sink money on buildings in that sector today. Since the circus-folk have to live—and their expensive live-stock too—in unproductive idleness for half the year, they make up on the summer swings what they have lost on the idle roundabouts in winter. So tickets for two children and two adults to see that circus cost about as much as three adult tickets for the Opera.

In hopeful anticipation of the still hesitant warmth of spring, the royal Rebernigg, the family which for several generations has provided hereditary monarchs of the circus world—producers, acrobats, *dompteurs*, clowns and tinselled queens of the tight-rope—have set up their tents close to the much-bombed Sudbahnhof. Standing in the queue today waiting to contribute to their support during the lean months of winter by booking seats for Saturday's children's matinée, my eye was struck by a gigantic ikon of the late Red Czar of all the Russians, superscribed in cyrillic lettering "Slava Velikomu Stalin"—"Glory to Stalin the Great". It covered, apparently meaninglessly, most of a strange erection—a portico of ionic columns standing naked in a patch of waste ground—a portico which should obviously have been flanked by long extensions on either side. I was puzzled as to what a fragment of the Acropolis, obviously built no later than the worst neo-classist period of the late Francis Joseph, could be doing just opposite the Sudbahnhof. Then the thought of that building gave me the clue. Before the war, just opposite the South Station had stood the Eastern Station—the Ostbahnhof. Then I realised that my Greek ruin was it—or part of it. For here, close to the Landstrasse where Metternich once said metaphorically that Asia began, today it really does begin. This is the end of Europe. Since no travellers can entrain here for Asiatic Europe, nor any escape from there to Vienna, the Austrians have abandoned the portico of the Ostbahnhof to the only traffic it can still deal with—Russian troop and supply trains. The rest of the débris of the East Station has been removed. The portico stands—to the Glory of Stalin, late dictator of all Europe beyond the Curtain.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man". In truncated Vienna, since the war, one has got so used to similar spectacles, which must arouse the curiosity of any visitor from the West, that their incongruity no longer strikes one. It does not seem strange to me that while a glittering new Westbahnhof has arisen in Western-occupied Vienna, a blaze of shining steel, glass and neon-lighting, from the ashes of the shabby pre-war structure, the stations within the Russian Zone should still stand much as the bombing and shelling left them when they stopped abruptly just

eight years ago. There are no street barriers in Vienna between Eastern and Western sectors, as in Berlin. But one can generally recognise the transition as one passes from the reconstructed houses in the West to the largely neglected ruins in the East. Even in the West houseowners are apt to leave the stucco facades shockingly shell-pitted and crumbling, out of short-sighted greed, allowing their property to deteriorate rather than carry through maintenance repairs so long as socialist-inspired rent-restrictions limit their profits.

So I tried to recall some of the other unusual features of life in Vienna which use has so far bred a habit in me that they seem perfectly normal. For instance there seems nothing strange to me, after eight years of it, in my letter heads bearing two addresses—one, my physical address in Vienna, superscribed "For Inland Letters Only", the other, an official A.P.O. address, superscribed "For ALL Letters From Abroad". I am neither surprised nor annoyed that letters from outside Austria whose senders disregard my warning all arrived stamped "Opened by Allied Censorship"—eight years after "liberation" and the end of hostilities—even though my name and address are nominally classified as "Exempt from Censorship". It is quite instinctive, when my telephone rings, to be spoken to and to reply in veiled language, conscious that a third party is dutifully registering the conversation on a dictaphone record, to be run off if at all interesting for the benefit of the M.V.D. a little later. When somebody says "I wonder if you will be passing by this morning"—or "this week", mine not to ask him why—for he would not only decline to tell me, but would in addition be annoyed by my naive and embarrassing *gaucherie*. It means the consumption of a lot of time and petrol, that, in nine cases out of ten, your telephone cannot be used to convey information, only to summon you here, there and everywhere. No editor will give his real views on election prospects, no Party leader discuss the plans of his Party, no Government official give me the low-down on any question of the day, no diplomat furnish any information whatever in response to my queries beyond the fact that he is quite well, thank you, on the telephone—because to do so would be simultaneously to give the same information to the Russian M.V.D. As a national of one of the Occupying Powers my press telegrams are privileged—they bear a "censor free" stamp. Of course I realise—as automatically as you realise that you must pay the cost of a telegram—that a copy will still reach the Russian censor. The stamp only prevents him from mutilating it, and avoids from one to three hours holdup until he finds time to read it.

It would never dawn on me nowadays to call anyone outside Austria on the long-distance phone without giving his name, street and house number in addition to the same details about myself, specifying the language in which I intend to talk—so that a snooper with the right language qualifications can be notified to listen in—although the Allied Commission has, purely nominally, registered my number as "censor-free". How the censor reacted when, after he had been notified that the "language of communication" would be English, my small son grabbed the phone to remark to his Grannie in the West of England "Googie-googie-gah!" I have no means of ascertaining.

Use has bred in me the habit of living cheerfully as an inhabitant of a

beleaguered city in which all its native-born citizens are free. They can go where they will in Austria. Not I. I dare not leave the narrow confines of the city boundaries, save by one road or railway going straight to the Semmering—to the British Zone. Even to do this I have to carry a special "Grey Permit" in three languages, issued by my own authorities for a month at a time which, together with my passport, is severely scrutinised by the Red Army control post en route. I may not stop once on the 120 kilometre stretch, no matter how hot the day, how inviting the wine gardens, or how bitter the blizzard, how inviting the glow of the windows of the Gasthäuser. Once I was forced to stop on this corridor road in winter to remove snow chains; in consequence I spent 26 hours in Red Army custody and was dragged to Vienna under heavily armed escort by the—probably drunken—Red Army captain responsible, being labelled "spy" until I was released by the Red Army Kommandatura. Holding a British passport, I cannot even visit the American or French zones (by the other corridor road) without a special Russian permit. No more for me the familiar pre-war delights, lying at Vienna's doorstep, of the Vienna Forest, its babbling trout streams, its warm spring *plages*, its vineyards, its once-elegant weekend hotels. They are all "Russian Zone"—where all but we nationals of the Western occupying Powers can move freely. Little wonder that we penalised citizens of the "Western Occupying Powers" who submit perforce—and, by use, tamely—to these extraordinary conditions, should sometimes expect their own authorities to do a little here and there to alleviate them. In some cases they do—Americans especially claim that officialdom recognises the need to stretch points to the limit of elasticity. In other cases, the Western *Apparatchiki*—alas, the Russians monopolise only the name, but not the breed—are expert both in digging up red-tape regulations, devised for normal conditions, and in applying them to the very abnormal conditions under which the "Westerner" in Vienna lives, too accustomed by long usage to realise just how fantastic they really are.

Vienna.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

LIBERALS AT ILFRACOMBE

LIBERALS must be different, and they know it. The recognition of this simple and obvious fact was the most heartening feature of the Liberal Party Assembly held at Ilfracombe on April 9-11th. It was a memorable Assembly. It was notable both for its consistent emphasis on distinctive doctrine and its successes in the sphere of what the pundits term "public relations". It was well-timed. Coming, as it did, during the Easter Parliamentary recess, the Assembly attracted an impressive team from the Press Gallery of the House of Commons and a mass of friendly or favourable comment. It also accommodated substantial cohorts from the Universities, which contributed heat, light and sound, with a preponderance of light, and made their presence felt, not least by reason of their *expertise* alike in foreign affairs and in the tactics of procedure. The Liberal Party often behaves like an over-indulgent uncle towards its undergraduates, and duly suffers, but Mr. Derick Mirfin and Mr. Bruce

Burton, to mention only two, charmed their hearers with their dialectical skill, quiet modesty, potential statesmanlike qualities, and mastery of the *mystique* of party dogma.

These were, indeed, outstanding factors, but more striking was the Assembly's preoccupation with everything which distinguishes Liberalism from the opposing creeds. The mood of the majority of delegates was admirably delineated by Mr. Francis Boyd in the *Spectator* of April 17th:—

"They believe they have a distinctive contribution to make to the political life of the country, and the Assembly's decisions had the effect of sharpening the distinctness of the Liberal case, even to the point of frightening those delegates who suspect that it may now be more difficult to meet the charge that the party is travelling back dangerously fast towards too free an economy. The issues before the Assembly forced delegates to ask themselves whether, when Liberals professed belief in Free Trade and the minimum of State interference, they really meant what they said. The answer given—and given much more emphatically than some of the delegates expected—was that they did. The majority of the delegates believe that the Liberal Party has re-established itself as the champion of individualism in contrast with the collectivism of the Socialists and the favouritism of the Protectionist Tories. Whether individualism will ever again be a popular cause they do not know."

Likewise *The Times* Special Correspondent (April 13th):—

"A majority of Liberals are disposed to think that the rift of opinion over agriculture is not too high a price to pay for a radical departure from the policies of their rivals, particularly if it can be supported on Free Trade principles."

And, yet again, *The Observer* Political Correspondent, in his "Ilfracombe Diary" entitled "New Life in the Liberals" (April 12th):—

"This has been the liveliest Liberal Assembly for years. . . . In neither of the other two parties could there have been this debate on agriculture; nowhere else could the case for and against have been put so clearly as it has been here. Free Trade might be disastrous for agriculture, but at least the public should be made aware that there is an alternative to the present system—to the policies of the other two parties. . . . For in the end the party can survive only if it is different from its rivals. No smart tactics can save it. It can only watch and be faithful in the hope that the present alignment of political forces will break up and give it an opportunity denied it for so long."

Such, then, was the atmosphere in which the delegates worked and (more occasionally) played. The Executive Resolution on agriculture, drafted by Mr. Allan Batham, Mr. Lawrence Robson and Mr. Oliver Smedley, had been conceived, not as a comprehensive policy covering every facet of farm life, but as a statement of the characteristically Liberal approach to three or four major controversial and immediately topical questions. It flatly declared that there was no longer justification for the inroads on the rights of private property made under the Agriculture Act, 1947. It demanded the withdrawal of the Minister's power to dispossess farmers for allegedly bad husbandry or management and the cessation of his quasi-judicial functions. It urged free import of feeding-stuffs,

fertilisers and farm machinery, and the abandonment of the eleven-year old system of guaranteed prices and assured markets. This Resolution was proposed, in a speech of moving sincerity, by Mr. James Lewis, a massive Reigate farmer with an appealing persuasiveness and a propensity for "wisecracks". ("But for the tin-opener, we should starve.") A gentler phrasing, devised by Mr. Tom Rothwell of Crewe, was adopted. The so-called "University block vote" tucked in a clause on marginal land. Then the full-dress "Second Reading" debate on the main resolution opened with gusto. Exchanges of heavy salvos followed between those farmers, who, like Mr. Bert White, opposed privilege for agriculture, and other farmers, who felt that it needed special treatment whether under an otherwise Protectionist régime or in an otherwise Free Trade economy. Eighty-seven-year-old Mr. Charles Roberts, Cumberland landowner and Under-Secretary for India in the Asquith Ministry, forty years ago, passionately defended the Agriculture Act, 1947. He was received with affection. His attitude towards guaranteed prices was reminiscent of that of certain Roman Emperors, but, in all other aspects, he belied his own description of himself as "a prehistoric fossil". On the opposing side, a "Rhyme to a Generous Cow", written by Mr. George Winder, Sussex farmer-economist and publicist, was cited with approval in support of the Resolution:—

The cow that fills the milk-pail
Needs food from every clime.
She loves great stores of protein
From South the Doldrum line.
Her soya beans from China,
Her linseeds from the Plate,
Her cotton seeds from Egypt
She's missed a lot of late.
Her maize must roll past Rio
In ships from round the Horn;
On every ocean sea-way
Her breakfast foods are borne.
So if you want your babies
To coo in joyful glee,
Then give the cow her proteins,
Unplanned and duty-free.

In the event, the Resolution, albeit modified, was carried by a mere show of hands, with a majority of the younger delegates in its favour. Logic and economics had prevailed over sociology.

Mr. James T. Middleton, Oldham solicitor and President of the Lancashire, Cheshire and North-Western Liberal Federation, proposing the Executive's Free Trade Resolution, delivered one of the most powerful speeches of the Conference—a speech whose intrinsic literary felicities were embellished by a peroration taken bodily from an historic Churchillian Free Trade performance. This Resolution contended that Free Trade was the only sound fiscal policy for Britain, that the conquest of inflation and restoration of sterling convertibility were essential to the fulfilment of a Free Trade programme, that protective tariffs should first be removed from foodstuffs and raw materials and progressively repealed on other

ranges of products, and that, similarly, quantitative restrictions should also be progressively abolished. Next came a short list of Acts ripe for repeal—the McKenna Duties, 1915, the Safeguarding of Industries Act, 1921, the Safeguarding Duties of 1925-8, the Import Duties Act, 1932, and the Ottawa Agreements Act, 1932. "The Assembly meanwhile approves," it added, "the decision of the Commonwealth Ministers' Conference to fulfil the obligation under the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs *not* to increase Imperial Preference. It regrets, however, that no positive steps were taken to dismantle the system of Imperial Preference, since it is injurious to inter-imperial harmony, to the cause of trusteeship for the peoples of the non-self-governing Empire, and to the true interests of our island nation as a world trading power."

All this was, of course, in direct line with the Policy Statement, piloted by Sir Andrew McFadyen through the Bournemouth Assembly in 1947, the Free Trade Ten Points adopted at Blackpool in 1948, and the Fothergill Committee's Radical Programme endorsed at Hastings in 1952. In fact, it brought them all up to date. But spokesmen from a group of "Radical Reformers", who had announced their advent in a letter published a few days earlier in the *News Chronicle* and *Manchester Guardian*, proposed the "reference back". This move was decisively defeated, and the Resolution passed with only three dissentients. The aim of the "Radical Reformers" was "to promote within the Liberal Party the policy of social reform without Socialism which Liberals have developed from 1908". Mr. Middleton, himself, like most Free Traders, a stalwart campaigner for "social reform without Socialism", explained that the vast economic resources consolidated under a free market economy had enabled Liberal Administrations to lay the foundations of a welfare society. (For, indeed, is not welfare a by-product of freedom?). That edifice was now threatened by Protectionist and Schachtian fiscal and financial policies. Meanwhile, the Assembly, in its wisdom, added the words, "irrespective of the attitude of any other State", to the statement, "Free Trade is the only sound fiscal policy for Britain". It thus gave the Liberal answer to restrictionist elements elsewhere which have sought to revive, as it were, the agitation organised by Eckroyd and the "Fair Traders" in the late 1870's. For the Eckroydites, like their successors, invoked "universal" Free Trade against "unilateral" Free Trade, and, alas, in so doing, they opened the door to the pressure-groups and sectional interests of Protection.

As long ago as January 26th, the *Manchester Guardian* headlined its Political Correspondent's commentary on a "trinity" of resolutions: "A Liberal Trumpet Blast for Free Trade: Recipe for an Economic Earthquake". The third ingredient of this recipe was the anti-monopoly programme. Deploring the relative ineffectiveness of the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Act, 1948, this Resolution sought authority to appoint a second Commission of Enquiry into Monopoly (the Comyns Carr Report is now eight years old) to consider, more particularly, the provision of powers to prevent or break-up monopolies, the definition of certain restrictive practices as illegal and liable to penalty, and the inclusion of statutory nationalised monopolies within the Act. The delegates, accepting a suggestion from the Union of University Liberal Societies, inserted a

fourth point—taxation reform for the encouragement of new enterprises in spheres dominated by monopoly interests. A further requirement was that this Commission should report its findings on the case for instituting a Labour Practices Commission. Parliamentary old-timers often say that the House at its quietest is the House at its best. This is to some extent, true of Party Congresses, and, certainly, the two Ilfracombe contributions of Sir Arthur Comyns Carr, Q.C., on monopoly, and of Mr. Granville Slack, on housing and the amendment of the Rent Restrictions Acts, though their tone and setting were quieter and though they hit few headlines, were among the best.

There were many more highlights—the nearly, but not quite, all-embracing Presidential Address by Mr. Lawrence Robson, accountant-farmer and persistent crusader for a world authority and an international Ministry of Supply, whose amiability was matched by his capacity for inspiring an audience with his own compelling sense of urgency; Lady Violet Bonham Carter's oration on electoral reform, a model of prose and diction for the Fowlers, the Nesfields and the Eric Partridges; the reference back, late on Friday, under University pressure, of the Foreign Affairs Resolution; the acceptance, on Saturday morning, of an emergency revised version (including Lord Layton's Five Points for United Europe) moved by Sir Andrew McFadyean; Mr. Clement Davies' Declaration of Faith in the Rights of Man. And when North Dorset wanted a pronouncement that we could conquer unemployment in the event of a world slump, there was Sir Andrew's reply, ably reinforced by the Young Liberals, that only international action could conquer a world slump, and that one country by itself could do no more than mitigate its effects. "Most remarkable of all", observed Mr. Robert Pitman in *Tribune*, "in an hour's debate on how to find a plan for 'mitigating' unemployment, the name of Beveridge was not mentioned once."

Everything was neatly and tidily rounded off by Mr. Philip Fothergill's unpretentious project calling upon workers to concentrate their propaganda upon the Six Points of the Radical Programme: World Authority for Peace, Commonwealth Partnership, Free Trade, Ownership for All, Welfare in an Expanding Economy, and Liberty in a True Democracy. "Heaven forbid that an exclusive specialist group should ever gain the upper hand in our party", quoth Mr. Fothergill; "I put my faith in the general practitioners". And so forward from Ilfracombe. Frustration provokes its own miracle, and organised Liberalism has endured forty years of vicissitude. Whether the miracle, or even its first instalment, is with us, remains to be seen. Ilfracombe augurs well for the new General Director, Mr. H. F. P. Harris, who, as is right and proper in a leader of Rotary and an educationist, radiates both faith and good-will. There is abroad a spirit of purposefulness, courage and resolution, as befits a movement, which, though it is the heir of noble traditions and past glories in freedom's never-ending battle, is, nonetheless, in practice and in personnel, a new party, sustained by new thinking among the academicians and the philosophers, a new party fighting for recognition as the distinctive libertarian force of our age and generation.

DERYCK ABEL.

KIKUYU CHRISTIANS

ON Sunday morning we went to church. "This will be an exciting drive," said Helena. And it was. She only meant that the roads would be bad—or what passed for roads in the Kikuyu reserve. We sat in the Land Rover, with John driving, Helena and I on the front seat beside him, and various Africans behind. We clung to the metal bar in front of us while we lurched and jolted down a rough track that only a jeep or a Land Rover could well have negotiated. Down into a small valley, across a rough bridge, up again on the other side, slithering this way and that, since the "small rains" had just begun, turning the reddish African earth to a sticky, slippery consistency. Once or twice we stopped to pick up an extra African passenger, and came finally to the church. It was a large, bare, corrugated iron building. The congregation were standing about on the grass-covered slope outside, waiting to go in, and I was surprised at the large numbers. Many of the Christian congregations in the Kikuyu territory had dwindled to a handful of people at this time, very understandably, since the Mau Mau emergency was in full swing. We entered the church, and took our places on a wooden bench at one side. There was an effective altar at the east end, the church being otherwise bare except for the many wooden benches, now quickly filling up, for the congregation. There was one glass window behind the altar, the other windows now open, could be closed only with wooden shutters. The doors were left wide open, more and more people coming in as the service proceeded till perhaps 250 were present.

We were the only Europeans in this African congregation. It is, of course, not the custom for Europeans to go to an African church unless they are missionaries, and the service was conducted by an African. I and my two settler companions would normally have set out in the opposite direction when we left their house that morning, to attend an English church. But it was their wish to worship with the African Christians that day, all the more because of the Mau Mau terror and persecution. John had been asked to give the sermon, but this was not generally known beforehand, and so did not affect the size of the congregation. We were given a warm welcome. Several Headmen came up and shook us by the hand. I would rather have expected looks of suspicion, as was all too common in Kenya at this time. Who was I, after all? What was I doing in the Kikuyu reserve? One of the Africans went away, and came back carrying a small sack full of straw, which he put on the floor in front of me, for me to kneel on during the service. The Africans knelt on the bare floor. An African woman came up and offered me a prayer-book. It was all in the Kikuyu language, and I could not understand a word of it; but we were having the ordinary Anglican morning service, and I supposed I would be able to follow it more or less. This was not enough, I soon saw, for my neighbours in the congregation. They were anxious I should follow every prayer, and every word! For them the service was no perfunctory duty, but something meaningful and real, and they were there to participate in every bit of it. As each fresh item in the service started, two or three dark

heads would spin round to make sure my prayer-book was open at the right place, and if not, someone would turn the pages.

My neighbour on my right was a strong, rough-looking man in a garish tweed jacket. He had a hymn-book, which he shared with me; and in return it seemed only polite to share my prayer-book with him. He indicated the verses of the hymns as we sang, pointing to the refrain if there was one, and then back to each succeeding verse, to make sure I followed correctly. Later, when the service was over, I heard that this particular man was a Headman from a little distance off, and that he had been personally threatened with death by the Mau Mau for being a Christian. Yet here he was, voluntarily coming to Sunday morning service again. Several other men in the congregation had been similarly threatened, I was told. All who came were risking trouble by so doing, some life itself. Many would not dare leave their huts after dark, not because of any curfew, but for fear of their neighbours. I could glance round the congregation from where I sat at the side. Their faces were calm and assured, not the least frightened looking, nor yet arrogant and defiant. They seemed natural and unstrained. There were old and young, mothers with their babies, young men, a group of school-children.

A heavy shower of rain hammered on the roof, and stopped again. One of the wooden windows had to be shut against the wet. Then came the sound of a drum beating out a rhythm. This was to be the accompaniment to the hymn-singing, keeping us rhythmically together, though it could not give us the pitch. They sang loudly and wholeheartedly, a little crudely in Salvation Army style, but as if each phrase was sung with full voice and full conviction. An African walked up the central gangway to the front, and started reading the lesson in the Kikuyu language. Helena, on my left, found the place in her English Bible and showed me what it was—Luke 6, 27. It was the passage about loving your enemies, and to me it seemed unsuitable. Had these people not done enough, coming here because they valued the service, risking trouble, every one of them? On top of that were they to be told, "Love your enemies"? To me it seemed asking too much. The second lesson, likewise read by an African, was Romans 12. Again I hastily scanned the verses in the English Bible. It was less hard this time. "And every one members one of another." . . . "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

The time came for the sermon. John got up and moved slowly to the front. He was tall and solidly built, informally dressed, with an open shirt collar. An African came up and stood beside him to act as interpreter, sentence by sentence. John started off in a quiet humble voice: "I am honoured to be able to speak to you this morning." This was translated into Kikuyu. "I have a great admiration for you here, in this community and church." Translation followed. "You have stuck to your faith through difficult times, and you have continued to come here to worship God. . . . You have stood firm as a rock. . . ." Each sentence in turn was gabbled off by the interpreter. It was all very simple, and what impressed me chiefly was his manner and tone of voice—kind, reassuring, respectful, with no trace of hardness. Perhaps these simple

people appreciated it too, as children would, though not understanding the words till they were translated. He continued: "Jesus tells us in the Bible that we would have troubles in this world. . . . He himself suffered for his faith, even unto death. . . ." He paused to give the interpreter a reference, Luke 21, verse 16. "And ye shall be betrayed both by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolk, and friends; and some of you shall they cause to be put to death." The words fell with clear appropriateness. These people had indeed been betrayed by their brethren, and their kinsfolk had joined the Mau Mau. Quite a number of Headmen had been murdered.

"Why is it," the sermon continued, "that these troubles have come upon us? . . . It is because we have tried to live without God." . . . (The word "we" was meant to cover both Europeans and Africans.) "Whenever in history man has put himself in God's place, it has led to disaster." This was too much for the interpreter, who stood silent and baffled! "Put himself in God's place!"—the phrase was beyond his comprehension. John repeated the sentence, but we seemed to have reached a deadlock. At last the interpreter spoke, fast and at length, and I wondered what strange travesty of the meaning he might be relaying to the assembled people. John's voice faltered a little after that, but perhaps it was hardly noticeable, and he proceeded: "What is there that we, here and now, can do? We can pray for God's help. . . . We can strengthen each other in our faith. . . . We can try to spread love and not hate. . . . We can find out the best in each other, and not look for each other's failings. . . . We are all children of God, and we must listen to Him. . . . We should live each day as if it were our last."

Trouble again with the interpreter! He gazed at John nonplussed. Somehow the trouble was overcome, and John continued: "I have spoken to you of our difficulties, and now I want to say a little about the wonderful Christian promises that have been made to us." My mind wandered, and I recall little more of what was said. I glanced across the faces of the men and women near me. Did many of them realise, I wondered, that John was a prominent citizen of Kenya, Helena no less, in her own sphere? She sat there now, calm and receptive, a brightly-coloured scarf over her head, as many of the African women also wore. Now the interpreter was reading texts from the Kikuyu Bible, alternating with the English. The sermon was coming to an end, and against the background of the people's faith and John's humility the Bible words glowed with literary power, producing again for us the spiritual truth with which they are filled. Now it was the English again, quietly spoken, ". . . that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life." "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

There was a long last hymn in Kikuyu, sung unaccompanied except for the drum. I found that the words, in Roman print, could be read phonetically, and I joined in the singing as best I could for the sake of appearances. My neighbours sang as if each line expressed something they really meant and wished to say, throwing themselves unreservedly into each phrase, trumpeting it with entire conviction. During the hymn the collection was taken, and the service ending, many present gathered round to watch the money being counted. The several bags

were brought and emptied out, the numerous small coins with holes in the middle were threaded on to a piece of string, forming a kind of snake, and the ends of the string were knotted together. The whole amount was put on a plate and one of the men walked up and placed it on the altar. We stayed sitting in the rough circle, and a low murmur of conversation started up. From the opposite side of the circle the Headman who had been next to me smiled across at us, with a full unhesitating smile, not the least impertinent. Helena chatted in Swahili, with accustomed sureness of touch. One of the men said to her, "What does it matter if they kill us? In about two hours we should be in heaven."

I was told the local schoolmaster would like to show me the school, so I made my way out of the church, hesitating a little, trying to find out which of the men the schoolmaster was. His English was limited, but I soon identified him and we walked away. For the moment I was separated from my friends, and before long the man stopped and turned to face me. "Do not fear," he said emphatically, summoning the English words slowly and carefully. "We are *Christians*. Do not fear." It had not occurred to me to be nervous, but it was charming of him to reassure me, for he himself was in far greater danger than I could be. In front of the school some flowerbeds had been cut in a neat pattern in the turf and planted with a low pink-flowering shrub. The school itself consisted of several almost identical class-rooms, each of which the schoolmaster unlocked for me to inspect and admire. In one a map of Africa hung on the wall. I said I was travelling to the Sudan, and at once his hand rose to the place. We attempted a little conversation, and he explained with pride that his school would not be closed, although many other schools were being closed by the Government. Then he spoke of John, appreciatively. "He speak to us very good," he said emphatically. Yes, I agreed, his sermon had been good.

I made my way back to the Land Rover, and the schoolmaster came with me to say goodbye to John and Helena. "Do not fear," he said to them. "We will not kill you." This was not a joke, far from it in the circumstances of the time, for they were among his nearest European neighbours. I do not know for how many of his own community the schoolmaster could speak, but as far as it went what he said was an expression of goodwill. We clambered into the Land Rover and were off again, lurching and jolting as before. We hurried homewards, as fast as was possible, for there was a cow ill on the farm, and business awaiting Helena's attention at the house. In the evening we talked of the events of the day and the morning service. "You do feel they've got hold of something, don't you," said John. "You can see it in their faces." The people's faith was simple but complete. It could only find such crude expression, but it sufficed them. "I wonder whether what I said to them went down at all," said John. We did not really know. We couldn't tell. It was difficult to gauge how things would seem to primitive minds so differently conditioned from our own. But I told them what the schoolmaster had said to me in the morning, "He speak to us very good." I remembered the ready responsive smile on every face I chanced to look at, among the people outside the church as I came away. It would not be easy to find so friendly a crowd in Kikuyu

land today, though no doubt some other churches would have a sense of fellowship as warm and real, under the stress of danger. "Like the early Christian communities," suggested Helena. My mind travelled back across the centuries to those small isolated groups, and I wondered if indeed their experience might sometimes have been similar.

E. R. BUXTON.

AFGHANISTAN A BUFFER STATE

AFGHANISTAN occupies a position of the utmost importance from a strategical point of view, lying as she does between the U.S.S.R. and the North West Province of Pakistan. Her northern boundary runs along the River Oxus, and her southern border follows the Durand Line through the wild hills of the Pathan tribes. Afghanistan thus forms a buffer state between Russia and Pakistan. Her government adopts a strictly neutral attitude, and is anxious to remain on friendly terms with both her neighbours. The northern regions consist of a vast plain which reaches to the foot of ranges of rugged hills, over which the rough roads struggle through the passes at heights varying from 14,000 to 18,000 feet above sea-level. Only in the summer months can traffic use these roads owing to heavy falls of snow. Attempts have been made to construct a motor road circling the mountains in an easterly direction, but it is doubtful whether this road would stand up to heavy military traffic. The Oxus River, over a mile wide, is closely watched on the Russian shore. It forms a serious obstacle to invasion, and it is crossed by heavy barges, the sole present-day means of transport. Sheep and cattle are ferried across, together with the camel caravans which penetrate to Peshawar from the interior of Asia.

Afghanistan is rich in natural resources, and only needs scientific development to become a wealthy country. Coal, silver, copper, lead and iron exist in workable quantities, and only a supply of technicians and administrators is necessary for opening up the riches that the country possesses. The Afghan Government are making great strides towards the economic development of Afghanistan through government-controlled monopolies such as the National Bank, and dealings in karakul, sugar, cotton, electrical generation, and other industries. The country is badly in need of improved communications. There are no railways, and existing roads are few, and in most cases are mere tracks. Three railways have been planned, but so far nothing has been done. Education is free, both elementary and secondary, but the bigoted attitude of the Moslim population is strongly adverse to Western education, especially for women. The men are born fighters, and regard the profession of arms as the only calling worth following. Afghanistan was admitted to the League of Nations in 1933. She maintained strict neutrality during the second World War, and in 1944 her application for membership of the United Nations Organisation was accepted. The Afghan army is poorly equipped and badly paid. The Air Force, however, has been greatly increased, and many of the pilots have been trained in England. Aerodromes have

been constructed at Herat, Kandahar, Jelalabad, and Muzar-i-Sharif, covering the main invasion routes.

RELATIONS WITH PAKISTAN

From time to time Afghanistan has advanced claims to the major portion of Pakistan as far east as the River Indus on the grounds that in former days the Afghan Empire extended as far east as Benares. These claims have naturally been repudiated by the Government of Pakistan, but, strangely enough, have received a certain amount of support from influential circles in India, to judge by statements of some of the Indian ministers and from certain sections of the Indian press. One would have thought that a natural desire on the part of India for a strong sister Dominion on her western flank would have prompted Indian politicians to adopt a more friendly attitude towards Pakistan. Of late years Afghanistan appears to have dropped her former claims for Pakistan territory, and relations between the two states are for the moment on a friendly basis. A "Treaty of Friendship" has recently been negotiated, and the king's personal envoy to Pakistan broadcast that he had discussed the exchange of ambassadors and commercial agreements, including border questions, with the Pakistani Government with satisfactory results. The King told the National Assembly in Kabul that the country still felt the need to maintain friendly relations with Great Britain, and added that the political changes in India will hardly affect relations between the two countries.

RELATIONS WITH THE PATHANS

Since Afghanistan is closely related to the Pathan tribes on the North-West frontier of Pakistan, some reference to them will not be out of place. The tribesmen, known collectively as "Pathans," form a collection of tribes and sub-tribes, often at war with each other over their age-long feuds. They maintain an independent existence among their hills, and acknowledge no allegiance beyond their own Maliks. Their wild country affords a scarce livelihood, and the former Indian Government adopted a policy of granting tribal subsidies as a guarantee of good behaviour. The Pakistani Government has wisely decided to continue these subsidies, and is doing everything possible to help the tribes. In 1947 the project of an independent State of "Pukhtoonistan" was mooted by agitators in Afghanistan, who demanded the incorporation of the North-West Frontier Province and parts of Baluchistan and Scinde into Afghanistan, and also asked for an outlet to the Indian Ocean at Karachi. These claims were firmly refused by the British, who pointed out that these areas formed part of India in accordance with treaties between Britain and Afghanistan. This claim was upheld by the "Red Shirts," a revolutionary organisation in the North-West Province, but on the insistence of Pundit Nehru, a referendum was held in November, 1947, and the "jirgas" of all the principal tribes decided to adhere to Pakistan, and to continue in the same relationship with her as they had had with the British.

Afghan interference in the affairs of the Pathans is deeply resented by the tribes, who condemn the attitude of the Afghans. They remind them that there are more Afghans in Pakistan than in Afghanistan itself, and add that Pakistan Afghans are quite capable of taking care of themselves.

Afghan support for Pukhtoonistan is regarded by the Pathans as an effort to divert attention from the backward state of Afghanistan. The establishment of an independent State of Pukhtoonistan has received strong support from the Russians, but it is probable that this support is not altogether altruistic. It bears a close relationship to the outbreak of Communist activity in Pakistan, which is widespread throughout the North-West Province, where Red literature is to be obtained in many of the bazaars, including Peshawar.

The threat of Russian invasion from the north-west, which exercised the strategy of successive British Governments in India, is not less real today than it was over a century ago. Afghanistan, the highway to India throughout the ages, is today menaced with immense Russian forces concentrated in close proximity to her northern border across the Oxus. Russia has created a formidable Central Asian military operational base in the Tashkent region, consisting of air-fields, depots and army training areas covering Bokhara and Samarkhand, besides other centres. This constitutes a direct threat against Afghanistan, not only from a purely military point of view, but also from the danger of civil penetration and subversive operations. Tashkent has become one of Russia's main centres of revolutionary political activity. It is reliably reported that a training school for foreign Asian Communists is actively in operation there, at which the technique of agitation, infiltration, sabotage, and subversion is taught. A powerful broadcasting stations pours out inflammatory Communist propaganda to Asian countries day and night.

With regard to Russia, Afghanistan is striving to maintain an attitude of neutrality, which is made easier as she has neither trades unions nor political parties, and the Islamic tradition has a firm hold on the people. A few Soviet agents have been found working among the tribes in the northern regions, but there is no fifth column. In official circles, however, there is growing anxiety over the increasing strength of the Russian forces north of the Oxus. Bearing in mind that the aim of Russia is to subjugate the whole of the Indian peninsular to Communism, it is only reasonable to suppose that she has set her eyes on Pakistan and the port of Karachi, which would give her command of the sea route from Europe to the East. If she could induce Afghanistan to invade Pakistan, and thus pull the chestnuts out of the fire for her without the employment of a single Russian soldier so much the better. Such a policy would conform with her previous operations in other parts of the world, where national forces, urged on by Russia in civil warfare, have paved the way for Russian domination. Incited by Russian propaganda and lured on by Russian promises of support, the Afghan Government might yield to the bait of Pakistan dangled before her eyes, and descend through the passes of the North-West Frontier at a time when Pakistan was closely engaged with an Indian imbroglio on her eastern border. If such were the case, it would be to Russian interests to foment the tension that exists between India and Pakistan at the present time. Each maintains considerable forces on their mutual frontier, and it would need but a slight incident for open war to break out. This would create a heaven-sent opportunity for Afghanistan to invade Pakistan. Attacked from both flanks, Pakistan, whose armed forces and air force are considerably inferior to those of

India, would be in a hopeless position. She would be overrun by India from the east while the Afghans swept down through the North-West Frontier to Karachi, where a puppet government would be set up under Russian tutelage. Then would come the customary purges and treason trials with the elimination of undesirable elements of the former Pakistan régime. One more state would succumb to the onward march of Communism in Asia. Though nominally governing at Karachi, the local Afghan government would ere long discover that their rule was purely nominal, and that in reality they were completely under the thumb of the Russians. Afghanistan would be regarded as a friendly state by the Kremlin and would have a strong Russian Legation at Kabul, and the country would doubtless fall under the influence of Tashkent. Relations with foreign powers would automatically cease, and Afghanistan herself would be absorbed within the orbit of the satellite states with which Russia surrounds herself.

H. E. CROCKER.

THE SOVIET ATTITUDE TO ART

ONE feature of the Russian promoted peace campaign during recent years has been to attack the Western artist and his principle of artistic adventure and freedom, and to propagate the Soviet attitude to art. This campaign has been cleverly handled with the aim of shaking the beliefs of the Western artist by its emphasis on the favourable economic arrangements made for the artist in Soviet Russia. How uniform throughout Europe has been this pattern of propaganda, of attack and counter-attack was evident at the international exhibitions organised in London, Paris, Rome, and Venice during 1952, and in the discussions there on problems concerned with art. At the national Quadriennale exhibition in Rome, and the international Biennale exhibition in Venice, the Soviet-influenced social realists were still on the warpath. In the lead was Renato Guttuso, who tried to revive one of the most deadly academic genres, the historic battle-piece. He might have succeeded if the elections in Italy had swung more to the left, but as this was not the case, he did not receive any of the great prizes at the Biennale. The spark, however, fired the "social conscience" of a young English painter who, when writing about the Biennale, not only concentrated all his admiration on Guttuso's battle-piece, but subsequently organised an exhibition of recent social realist English painting which was held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in London, and was significantly given the title "Looking Forward."

Paris, however, was already in full revolt against the Communist pressure at the very time when the Russians sent Professor Vladimir Kemenov, the director of the Tretjakov Gallery in Moskva, and corresponding member of the Academy of Arts in the U.S.S.R. to England to soften the ground here. What created irritation in Paris, namely, the strange circumstance that Picasso had joined the Communist party after the war, although the principles of his art are diametrically opposed to those propagated by the Soviets, added to the amusement in London,

where Professor Kemenov had to develop his ideas in a hall hung with drawings and water-colours by Picasso.

Principles and theories in art are one thing, and facts are another. It is generally known that painting in Russia has reached a very low standard. It was, therefore, a most powerful counter-attack when the well-known French writer, André Breton, published in *Arts* an illustrated article under the title: "Pourquoi nous cache-t-on la peinture russe contemporaine?"—Why do they hide contemporary Russian art from us? Breton spoke of Social Realism as a means of moral extermination. The Spanish Surrealist painter, Salvador Dali, pronounced publicly: "I wish they would exclude Picasso from the Communist party. A serious equivocality would be at an end." (The communists, of course, will never do it; they will continue to draw advantage from the fact.) I visited Picasso in those days and told him about the opposition offered by English intellectuals to Professor Kemenov in Picasso's favour. Professor Kemenov could not, and did not dare, to deviate from the party line by openly confessing that the realistic pictures produced in Russia nowadays are inferior works of art, but nevertheless sponsored by the Russian state machine, whereas Picasso's works, great and new in their conception, are not acknowledged as such in Russia in spite of his sympathy for the Communist cause. Picasso in the course of our conversation made a clear distinction between what he called a temporary policy in Russian art matters, which he disagreed with, and his social ideals. I was unable to convince him that Russian art policy is based on dictatorial principles, and will never change.

What, then, are the Russian principles?*

The basic principle is the principle of *realism*. This principle of realism is not worked out by a few critics or artists, it is worked out in the Soviet Union on the basis of the *Stalinist interpretation of art-history*.

Art's first duty, they say, is truthfully to depict life (i.e., life in Soviet Russia).

In holding up this mirror to life, the artist reflects accurately all the qualities of his age. Those artists and critics who ignore this development, who are hostile to it, are considered as *hostile to a truthful depiction of reality*. The question naturally arises: What is a truthful picture of reality? *Every person might find perhaps something different to be truthful. The Russians, however, regard such a view as incorrect.* It is Solipsism. They reject it. In trying to reveal the inner reality in such a way, the artist would never take into account how other people see it. According to the Russian conviction, it is quite impossible for an artist not to take into account the feelings, the knowledge, the ideas of the *people* around him. *The great artist draws his inspiration from the people and works it out in finer, higher forms.* Those painters who take no notice of the people are regarded as incorrect in their approach. They are not *doing their work, which is to raise the creative opportunities of the people.*

The second basic principle in Soviet art besides realism is, therefore,

*Note: The description of the conditions under which artists live and work in the Soviet Union and the aesthetic theories on which their work is based are taken from a statement made by Professor Vladimir Kemenov in the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London.

the popular quality of art. The third is the national form of the work of art.

The people who look at paintings experience them in a special way, the Russian theorists say. What the artist represents are not abstract, but concrete forms. They have developed in their concrete form through circumstances. In other countries they attain a different form. *The artist has to accept them whether he likes it or not.* The question of national form arises in Russia from the realistic approach, and from that of the people. The people form the nation. The Soviet artists and writers, or rather those who decide on the policy they have to follow, regard it as a weakening of their creative possibilities if the artist is to *take no account of the national characteristics of the people's individuals.* *They reject the cosmopolitan attitude.*

The problem of the content of art is forced into a similar straitjacket, and its aim is openly proclaimed to be propagandist.

Art, they say, cannot be without idea content. We are either realistic or we behave like an ostrich who hides his head in the sand, denying, so to speak, the truthfulness of life. The idea content can help to advance realist art, it can help the striving of the people, or it can do the opposite: it can be anti-popular, against the people's movement.(1)

In spite of this obvious regimentation, the Russians still claim that there is freedom of creation in Russia. Such a claim can, of course, only be substantiated by a series of dialectic tricks. The artist who dares to question their point of view, wanting full freedom of creation, is simply asked: "Are you quite sure that you want freedom to create, or freedom from creation?" The consequences can be imagined.

Once an artist agrees to stick to the rules of the game, he can enjoy all the economic security and publicity he wants. His work can be hung and sold. In Moscow, for example, there are several art salons where artists can exhibit and where everybody can choose and buy according to his pocket. The "best" paintings are procured by state buying commissions for the museums, art galleries, and for mobile exhibition purposes. But this is not the only possibility for an artist to make his living. Besides the State Buying Commission and the private individual, works of art can be commissioned, and there is also the Artists' Co-operative, which can buy a painting by a member, and show it until another buyer acquires it. In addition, there is the Creative Union of Soviet Painters, whose members are people with professional standing. A large sum of money is available as an Art Fund for its use.

There is a rule in Soviet law that when a painter has sold, for example, a particular work, or made a decoration for a theatre, the greater part of the sum goes to the artist, and a small percentage to the Art Fund. All creative unions (of writers, painters, musicians) who form these funds enable the artists to go to homes of creative rest, to sanatoria, etc., with their families, without payment. The state commissions are composed of artists, and it is they who decide the standard, the blind leading the blind. During the war the artists went to the front. This effort resulted in innumerable works of art. In the post-war period the main theme of art is the reconstruction of the country after the ravages of war. Both in war and in peace the "themes" are dictated. The Russian "army" of artists moves together with the people.

Recently a good deal of the artist's work has been devoted to "the struggle for peace."

To argue anew against these principles is not necessary in an English periodical, but it might well be of interest to refer here to the statements and experiences of some Russian-born artists on the subject.

Is it not a significant fact that the most outstanding Russian artists and thinkers of our time have fled from Russia and its peculiar conception of freedom and art? Berdiajev, Soloviev, Stravinsky, Chagall, Gabo, Nijinsky, Kandinsky are the best-known examples of this case.

"Rationalism and its pseudo-critical spirit," says Stravinsky in his lectures on the "Poetics of Music" at Harvard College, "have poisoned and continue to poison the whole field of art in Russia." The consequence of the Marxist theory that maintains that art is only a "superstructure based on conditions of production" has been to reduce art in Russia to nothing more than an instrument of political propaganda at the service of the Communist Party and the government. "This corruption of the Russian critical spirit is the cause of the 'reasoning' Intelligentsia seeking to assign a role to music and to attribute to it a meaning totally foreign to its true mission, a meaning from which music (and all the other arts) is in truth very far removed." It is this lack of comprehension of the genesis of any kind of creation which has had such disastrous results, and made Stravinsky say that the Communists are lacking in any authentic form of expression.

About the freedom of expression in Russia he has no illusions. One can only remain inside the general concept accepted or step outside it. For those who are held inside the circle, every question, every answer is determined in advance. The order of the day for all the arts is "socialist realism," with all its fallacies of popularity and its forced obedience to the party line, called freedom.

The tragic fate of the poet Majakovsky, the Russian Futurist, has some bearing on our problem. His suicide in 1930 profoundly disturbed the most orthodox communists, as Stravinsky recollects, provoking protest, indignation, and *de facto*, an insurrection in his name. The persecution of Majakovsky by party bosses began several years before his death and was directly responsible for it. The accusations against him were founded on the disapproval of all leftish tendencies in art and literature. It is known that the more cultivated Bolsheviks such as Trotsky and Lunacharsky, understood and supported the artists of the *avant-garde*, but Lenin, with his comprehension of the practical needs of the revolutionised country, found no pleasure in them. He defined the revolutionary art and literature of the 1920's as "the infantile disorder of Leftism," and thought that the cinema was more useful to the young Soviet state. In 1921 came the New Economic Policy, the era of reconstruction and practical materialism. The attitude of toleration towards Leftism turned to impatience.

Although the Russians, favoured by political decisions, created outstanding films in the Pudovkin and Eisenstein era, even there the interference of the state in matters of style and subject frustrated all their creative intentions after the decision was taken that the "hero" had to be reinstated in his lost position. It was Pudovkin's merit to have

discovered the unknown representative of the people, the non-actor exponent of the nameless mass. This, however, found favour only with the Intellectuals abroad, not with the Russian people itself, who wanted its heroes back, preferring them to the common representatives of themselves.

Those who are interested in matters of art will also remember the scandal provoked in Soviet Russia by Shostakovich's opera *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* and his ballet *The Limpid Brook*. The performance of his music, like that of other modern European composers, was forbidden, and he had several times to repent and to promise to adhere to the party line. How an artist can create at all under such conditions is a mystery.

In the Trobridge lecture on "Constructive Realism," given by Naum Gabo, the famous Russian constructivist artist, at the Yale University's Art Gallery, he says: "My art is commonly known as the art of Constructivism. Actually, the word Constructivism is a misnomer. It had been appropriated by one group of Russian constructivist artists in the 1920's who demanded that art should liquidate itself. They denied any value to easel painting, to sculpture, in fine, to any work of art in which the artist's purpose was to convey ideas or emotions for their own sake. They demanded from the artist, and particularly from those who were commonly called constructivists, that they should use their talents for construction of material values, namely, in building useful objects, houses, chairs, tables, stoves, etc. Being materialist in their philosophy, and Marxist in their politics, they could not see in a work of art anything but a pleasurable occupation cherished in a decadent capitalistic society and totally useless, even harmful, in the new society of communism. I, however, believe that art has a specific function in the mental and social structure of human life. . . . The scientists have made great strides in their search; certain artists, however, stopped at the gates of our sense world, and by calling it *Realism* they retain the belief that they are reproducing the true reality. Little, it seems to me, do these artists know how shallow their image of reality must appear to the scientific mind of today."

When I visited Marc Chagall in France, he told me amongst other things: "Youth is always in need of orientation. It is said that talent is necessary too. But who gave me orientation? There was a picture of the Czar Ivan the Terrible. One saw the frightened people. The swollen veins, every little hair, every pore was meticulously painted. The Czar had a tear in his eye. 'You will never be a painter,' I said to myself. Purely artistic reasons drove me out of Russia before and after the Revolution."

These examples make us realise what the dictatorship of the proletariat means for the unusually gifted man, without whom no art is possible. We prefer freedom of conscience and creative purpose. The great artist's well-being in Soviet Russia has to be purchased by the loss of his art. The mediocre artist needs no creative decisions or visions: to him the bureaucratic prefabricated decisions are sufficient. We still believe that human genius has to grow as a plant grows, and that it cannot be taught or artificially cultivated: it can only be frustrated and spoiled.

J. P. HODIN.

BLAKE'S MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL

"My mother groan'd! my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I leapt,
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud."

WILLIAM BLAKE leapt into the dangerous world in the year 1757, in the middle of what we have come to call the Age of Reason. His hands were on fire—each tree budded into angels—each corn field stood shiny with angelic reapers—God huge and terrible looked in upon him at a window. The country too was full of wonder; for then it was quite possible for a sturdy boy to walk to green meadows to the "large and pleasant village" of Camberwell or the "sylvan wilds" of rural Dulwich. Here no doubt he watched the naked boys bathe, learning to love the human figure when free in air and sun. Here perhaps he saw the "ruddy limbs and flaming hair"—so apt a description of his own leonine body. For Blake was strong and healthy, of deep and powerful passions; like his own figure of Orc "his terrible limbs were fire".

Blake needed all his power, for the world in which he became a man was a dangerous one. The satanic mills were beginning to darken the sky, the wheels of profit to turn, the red cap of revolution to jostle in the streets. We remember that the American War of Independence commenced in 1776 and was soon to spread to France, that the first part of "The Rights of Man" struck the world in 1791, that everywhere amongst the intelligentsia and progressive elements political and social matters were being discussed. Many believed that they saw the millenium flaming on the horizon and Blake was certainly one of these. At the shop of bookseller Johnson he met rebels like Paine, Priestley, Godwin of the *Political Justice* and others. Yet Blake's vision of the new world was of another kind than theirs, for he was a rebel amongst rebels, one who saw beyond mere political justice to a time when the whole man would be free when "everything that lives" would indeed be "holy". The revolutionists wanted a world ideal but of this creation; Blake foretold one where "creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite and corrupt". This then is a central thought of Blake, spreading like a tree throughout all his work, revolt against the taking of the appearance as the true nature, of seeing a bird as such and not as "an immense world of delight, clos'd by your senses five". This is the value of Blake to us to-day, that he saw with the eye of the imagination what science may be in part confirming, that matter is more "spiritual" than we ever believed, that the material world can only be truly visualised as a dance of atoms, that Blake's energy is our force and that both are "eternal delight". Blake wanted man "to widen his forheead", to take with joy all the manifestations of creation from tree to woman's limbs, to believe that "the roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword, are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man". He wanted the terrible lion as well as the gentle lamb accepted as symbols of eternity, for "without contraries is no progression"—the marriage of Heaven and Hell is "necessary to human existence". His vision is not for all. There is terror and darkness in it as well as joy

and light. Blake was not always a happy man though he died singing; the Prophetic Books bend and twist under the stress of his inward struggle. Heaven and Hell did unite within him but their burning child can be too hot for our hands.

The facts of his life are few. He was the son of a successful draper of London and of his wife Catherine, both sober people but with enough imagination to let their son follow his bent of drawing. For in 1771 he became apprenticed to an engraver from whom he learnt the technique of his art to which he was to add one of his own. He married Catherine Boucher in 1784, after having been jilted by one Polly Woods. We know little of the marriage, but that there was a deep affection none can doubt. Perhaps Mrs. Blake found his nature too ardent, though she liked even less his suggestion of 'handmaidens'. A natural jealousy followed, the spectre of which haunted Blake all his life. Beyond it he saw the wild planting of the seed of desire, the impossible vision of selfless love, of the beloved who "will catch girls of mild silver, or of furious gold" for her lover. Oothoon speaks thus in the "Visions of the Daughters of Albion":

"But silken nets and traps of adamant will Oothoon spread,
And catch for thee girls of mild silver, or of furious gold.
I'll lie beside thee on a bank and view their wanton play
In lovely copulation, bliss on bliss, with Theotormon.
Red as the rosy morning, lustful as the first born beam,
Oothoon shall view his dear delight, nor e'er with jealous cloud
Come in the heaven of generous love, nor selfish blightings bring."

Yet Blake taught Catherine to read, write and even engrave. She on her part suffered endless poverty for the sake of a vision she could little have understood. When he was dying Blake drew her portrait with love, calling her an "angel". They are buried together in Bunhill Fields.

Blake lived an uneventful life. Engraving, a print shop, a journey to the feeble poetaster Hayley, political agitation with his arrest for supposed sedition, long years of obscurity when some doubted whether he still lived. Then near the end of his life came happiness with a little group of youthful admirers, when he would watch the sunset over Hampstead or listen to Mrs. Linnell singing Scottish airs. After came a long and painful illness and the wonderful death described in Gilchrist's life. Yet from these modest events he built the whole of the mythology of the Prophetic Books, the terrible wisdom of the Marriage of Heaven and Hell, the mannered figures engraved by a process given him by his dead brother Robert—all the fearful reality of his vision. For he was no idle dreamer, no singer of lambs and children, no groper after a world of escape. Before him was the vision of fearful symmetry which man could experience on earth and which he himself strove to bring about. We can if we wish follow the vision through all his works, from the Songs of Innocence to Jerusalem, taking at the same time Blake's own journey through London, through time and through eternity. We can travel from the boy full of angels, the lover, the husband, the poet of rebellion against marital bonds, the hater of Hayley and all "artiness", the lonely old man who went out only of an evening to fetch his porter, Hampstead, Bunhill to his resurrection in our day to a poet with Shakespeare and Milton.

But this is a journey of a lifetime, not one of a few pages or a few hours.

Yet if we limit ourselves to one work—*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*—we are making no arbitrary selection, for in a sense he never went beyond it. It is his "everlasting gospel" written in the fiery period of his youth before old age softened the clean outline of his etching plate. In this work Blake stands clear, haloed like his own picture of "Glad Day" with brilliant light. It was written in 1793 which was for him a year of great productiveness. In his notes he doubts his promise of long life because the inner fire was burning the outer frame too rapidly. The shining platform on which the Prophetic Books was to be built was a labour of titanic "mental fight". The form of the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is that of a series of prose passages and an argument in verse. It is not a long work, in the *Everyman* edition of Blake it consists of 14 pages, but the language is clear, the images audacious, the 'message' sharp as a star. It is however a message for supermen and not one for the twilight figures of our time. We need the courage of the revolting Lucifer to embrace it. For Blake is writing of the core of his universe which is a tension, a battle of contraries without which there is "no progression". The *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is no quiet union but one of attraction and repulsion, reason and energy, love and hate, the child of which is the whole man. For as Blake says: "From these contraries spring what the religious call Good and Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the active springing from Energy. Both are necessary to Human existence. Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell." We have however to be careful when using these moral terms that we neither employ them in the conventional sense nor exaggerate the importance of evil. For "The Voice of the Devil" is that of the energetic wisdom. It is the voice of the body and so of eternal delight. Yet it is also the voice of the whole man. Blake tells us quite distinctly that "Man has no Body distinct from his Soul: for that called Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age."

So we reach the next stage in the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* and the one which may relate Blake more closely to the modern conception of man than any other of our great poets, excepting Goethe and Shakespeare: that spirit and matter are part of one another; the spiritual being a projection of the material, and the material of the spiritual, and from this tension is born the whole man. From this follows that God cannot exist without man to beget him in his imagination. For in "A Memorable Fancy" the prophet Isaiah answering Blake's question as to whether belief can create reality, replies: "All poets believe that it does, and in ages of imagination this firm persuasion removed mountains; but many are not capable of a firm persuasion of anything." "Those Blake calls the Prolific, Imaginative Men, create God for "God only Acts and Is, in existing beings or Men". This is quite clear and if we go further into the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* to the fifth of the "Memorable Fancies" we read: "The worship of God is, Honouring his gifts in other men, each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best: those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there is no other God."

Blake's conception of God was unique in his time and one of the sharpest barriers between him and the deists like Tom Paine. To him God was neither the "tyrant crowned" nor the "Great First Cause, least

understood", of Pope's Universal Prayer, but the Poetic Genius or Imagination of man. For commenting upon the thought of Berkeley in relation to Plato and Aristotle, Blake writes: "they also considered God as abstracted or distinct from the Imaginative World, but Jesus, as also Abraham and David, considered God as a Man in the Spiritual or Imaginative Vision". This then is Blake's position in the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* and it is a very clear one. It does not mean however that he did not modify his attitude, developing or retrogressing according to our own viewpoint. In *Jerusalem*, his last great work, the figure of Jesus is predominant as the symbol of forgiveness. The Christian doctrine is married to Blake's own mythology to fulfil the task which he set himself. "To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes, of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought, into Eternity". But this is the word of the old Blake not of the young man of thirty-six, and it is with the young writer of the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* that we are concerned.

With him we come to the third centre of interest in the *Marriage*, the "Proverbs of Hell" which Blake tells us were collected when walking among the fires of hell—the fires of his own imagination. In these proverbs we find expressed the great boldness of his mind, the limitless realism of his approach to life and nature. For to him all is an "immense world of delight" closed only by the five senses. Once liberate ourselves from our natural half-sight and "everything would appear to man as it is, infinite". Blake truly means everything, for his view of nature as expressed in the proverbs is one without compromise. He is no pantheist accepting only the beauty of the world as a manifestation of God, for, swinging over the world, he saw all as "portions of eternity" whether the "roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword". He saw too the dangers of repression, and wrote:

"The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom".

"The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction".

"Enough! or Too much".

He believed in the need to see with the double vision—to see through the object to its hidden nature. Thus we find:

"A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees".

"When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius: lift up thy head!"

He gloried in the manifestation of energy which is man's body, expressing it many times—

"The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth". or —

"The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the hands and feet Proportion".

Forgiveness, the imagination, joy, exuberance are all praised, and all earthly manifestations linked to eternal values in the wonderful proverb, the one of infinite value to our time, the one which seems to sum up so much of the essential Blake:

"Eternity is in love with the productions of time".

With this Proverb of Hell we can relate Blake to our time, stress his

great value for us to-day and club the conception of the dreamy mystic or of "mad Blake". For the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* expresses the need for the whole man, for the man freed of outworn doctrines, whose creative energy overflows like the fountain into light. He should be the companion of nature and her interpreter—for to "create a little flower is the labour of ages" and conversely, "where man is not, nature is barren". He should set no limit to his ambition, for "no bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings", and the "road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom". Above all he should see himself as the finite beloved of eternity who by the power of imagination can become one with his lover. If "eternity is in love with the productions of time", man, as one of these productions, must leap out to eternity with love. For to reach out to eternity through the imagination is to do what Blake tells us, to "widen our foreheads", to build the Kingdom of Heaven truly within us, and to believe that "everything that lives is Holy".

PAUL A. CASIMIR.

NATURE'S DEFENCE MECHANISMS

WITH human beings the skin is the first physical line of defence. Should this become pierced by a projectile, burnt by a flame, or injured by a blow, at once several heterogeneous and convergent defence mechanisms come into operation. Fibrin is formed, or muscle metamorphosed into cartilage, or juices supplied from the bone marrow, and the special nutritive substances essential for the repair of the damage brought by the blood stream to the affected area. At times these mechanisms hold the fort until outside aid is added. At other times a complete cure is effected solely by these natural agencies. When a creature that is living in a condition of positive health is attacked by a pathogenic bacterium which elaborates a toxin, the defence mechanisms of the victim at once analyse the nature of that toxin, afterwards creating an efficacious antibody. Should the victim, however, be in a state of impaired health by reason of dietary and other deficiencies at the time of the attack; or should the injury be, from other causes, of too serious a description to be fought and overcome by the creature's own natural defence mechanisms, the supplementary skilled aid will often co-operate successfully to oust the maleficent intruder. It has been during the operation of various cases of restorative collaboration that other and still more cunningly concealed defence mechanisms have been brought to light.

When the skin of an animal (including *homo sapiens*) becomes too extensively burnt to be dealt with adequately by natural defence mechanisms, the surgeon seeds the area involved with small discs of sound skin from some other body of the same species as the sufferer. At once another and quite independent defence mechanism comes into play. Each living being is inexorably intolerant of skin transplanted to it from other members of its own species, for any such operation is tantamount to an invasion of its unique identity. The grafting is carried out, but it is merely a makeshift designed to save life during the interval needed by the creature's

own defence mechanisms to take over. When that happens, and these mechanisms of defence assume control, the grafts succumb to their lack of welcome—and sustenance—and are sloughed off. In the case of mother and child, even, skin transplantation cannot survive for more than a few weeks at the longest. The defence mechanisms of an organism become cognisant without delay of the presence of any foreign matter, for the reason that individuality of identity stamps not only the organism as a whole, but also all its component parts. This unique individuality is present in all the physiological processes, as well as in the chemical structure of the humours and the cells. The individual "personality" of animal tissues is linked, in a manner yet undiscovered, with the molecules entering into the original construction of the organism. Dr. Grey Walter has pointed out that "one of the first things to be noted in relation to the alpha brain rhythms is that no two people are alike; that is to say, a brainprint is as unique as a fingerprint. Data already collected strongly suggest that the alpha characters are inborn and probably inherited." Individuality of identity is therefore not merely an aspect of the organism: it takes its roots in the inmost depths of being. The range of permutations of human individuality is boundless, the number of possible genetic variants being virtually infinite. It is probable that among the innumerable crowds of human beings who have from age to age inhabited the globe, no two individuals have been identically alike. The *sine qua non* of existence, in all forms of life, being the retention of individuality of identity, the relative defence mechanisms are formidable and efficient.

The defence mechanisms of redundant weeds, insects and algae are today fighting the poisons that man has evolved for their elimination. In human bodies healing antibiotics are also sometimes being worsted by pathogenic bacteria. These "smallest of man's enemies," resent the attempted invasion of their unique identity by the substances of penicillin, streptomycin, and the like. Their infinitesimal defence mechanisms have become somehow imbued with the certainty that to sink blissfully into the nirvana of the antibiotic embrace might bring rest and peace, but would also spell extinction. Hence the feverish activity on the part of bacterial mechanisms of defence which, in common with those of insects, weeds and algae, are evolving new races able to cope successfully with the recently-created invaders of their individuality of identity. "Genetics, immunology, embryology and endocrinology," remarks Professor P. B. Medawar, F.R.S., "have all been called in evidence of the uniqueness of individual mice and men. The fact that the evidence moves so freely across these frontiers is of no particular significance; it merely goes to show that, outside our pedagogic conventions, these frontiers simply do not exist." *Apropos*, it is interesting to recall that the nuclei of atoms have their own defence mechanisms to protect their individuality of identity. In experiments now being carried out at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, in endeavours to unriddle that enigma of enigmas, of the forces whereby the particles of an atomic nucleus are held together, the nucleus to be investigated must first be broken up. The most suitable tool for this purpose (says Professor O. R. Frisch, O.B.E., F.R.S.) is another atomic nucleus, preferably a smaller one. Any such "nuclear

bullet" must be fired at an exceptionally high speed, for it must be able to break through the electronic shells of many thousands of atoms, as well as to overcome the defence mechanism (i.e., electric repulsion) which it experiences when invading the precincts of another nucleus. Each and every nucleus in the scheme of Nature is equipped by a positive electric charge as a defence mechanism of its own species of individuality of identity, and trespassers are warned off in no uncertain manner. For example, an alpha-particle on the verge of touching an uranium nucleus gets flung away by a force of nearly 1 cwt. In some cases nuclear bullets have to be accelerated with potentials of the order of several million volts, if they are to be successful in overcoming the defence mechanism of another nucleus.

Regarding symbiotic partnerships, the universal rule of defence mechanisms is not thereby infringed. In the conjoint life of two organisms of different species in which each benefits the other, the individual identity of the one is not merged into the other. Whether the symbiotic alliance be between two animals, two plants, or between a plant and an animal, the defence mechanism on each side is actively concerned to ensure that individuality of identity is thoroughly respected. In lichen, states Beadnell, a fungus protects and attaches an alga to a tree or rock, etc., and provides it with salts and moisture. By its chlorophyll the alga builds up carbonaceous matter (sugars, etc.), a part of which it turns over to the fungus. Mycorrhizas do much the same for oak, beech and other trees and plants; and similar forms of mutual collaboration are found to exist between hydra and alga; infusoria and white ant; jellyfish and fish; sea anemone and crab; and root-nodule bacteria and pea. From one point of view, symbiosis is merely a part of the eternal struggle for survival. A commentary on this aspect has recently been provided by *Coniosporium corticale*. It has discarded its original symbiotic phase with certain sycamore trees to which it had attached itself, and has transformed itself into a deadly species of parasite. To date, the defence mechanisms of the unfortunate sycamores have not found adequate reorientation, and many hundreds of British and French sycamore trees are falling victims to the attack of the friend-turned-vampire.

In spite of widely distributed and miraculously efficient systems of defence mechanisms, man's present phase of pseudo-civilisation is bringing premature death not only to many animals, trees, flowers, birds and soils, but is also affecting deleteriously the health and wellbeing of man himself. The view has been put forward by some medical authorities that man's defence mechanisms will succeed in adapting him to the new environment in which he must now exist. It is seriously promised that these mechanisms will enable man to thrive upon denatured foods, to inhale with benefit petrol-laden air, and to withstand aerial jet screamings and other ear-splitting reverberations of industrial activity, in much the same way as marine and estuarine invertebrates maintain a blood salinity higher than that of invading influents of brackish or fresh water. If piscatorial defence mechanisms (say the authorities in question) are able to raise aquatic, oviparous, cold-blooded vertebrates above their natural environment, it "stands to reason" that human defence mechanisms can do as much, and more. They can deaden man's sense of hearing to almost

incessant din. They can fit him to grow taller and heavier and to live longer, while at the same time adjusting himself to ever-mounting totals of crimes of violence. They can reconcile him to a home and family life consisting largely of nights at the cinema and the "dogs," alternating with cosy afternoons and evenings in a blacked-out, airless room with the television set. And they can blunt man's sense of moral values sufficiently to enable him to read and imitate the way of life delineated in the pulp magazines and books by which he is surrounded on all hands.

RICHARD BLAIR.

ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG

IN the middle of the last century Prince Alexander, a younger brother of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, spent some time at the Russian court where his sister had married the Tsar's heir, the later Alexander II. At the court the young prince met and fell in love with the beautiful Polish Countess Hauke, who served as a lady-in-waiting to his sister. The Countess was, in a way, an early 'Polish refugee', though in rather an unusual sense. Her father, a former Minister of War for Poland, belonged to the party in Warsaw friendly to the Russian masters. During a rising her father had been literally torn to pieces by the mob in front of his daughter, who then found refuge at the Court of St. Petersburg. That the young Countess was popular at the court did not, however, make the idea of her marriage to Prince Alexander of Hesse a practicable proposition. For in those days German princes—however unimportant and whether younger sons or not—were obliged to marry ladies of "equal birth". Prince Alexander thus encountered the strongest opposition. The marriage eventually took place in 1851, but only at the cost of considerable sacrifices. Since it had to be morganatic, the children were not entitled to the succession of the Hessian Grand Duchy. Alexander's wife was afterwards granted the title of Princess of Battenberg which became the family name of the children, being anglicised into Mountbatten for the English branch of the family during the First World War.

Prince Alexander resigned from the Russian Army in which he had been serving, since the Tsar was opposed to his marriage. He joined the Austrian Army and eventually became a general. Throughout the whole marriage affair he showed that he was prepared to make considerable sacrifices to marry the woman he loved. Such minor princes were dependent on the important courts, and could not afford to allow any clouds to form which would prevent them from basking in the favours of the great. The loss of Russian patronage was serious. Fortunately, Alexander's relations with the Tsarist court did not remain strained for long, and during the reign of his brother-in-law Alexander II they once more became cordial.

The difficulty of minor German princes was normally that the pretensions of their caste and the standards they were expected to maintain were wholly out of proportion to their means. About the only career deemed appropriate for them was the army. The smaller German armies naturally could not offer rapid promotion, and the more enter-

prising had to seek their fortunes outside their native principalities. The problem of employment became acute once more when Alexander's four sons grew up. Soon an event took place, which in its repercussions was to have a profound effect on the future of the whole family. In 1862 Queen Victoria's second daughter Alice married Prince Louis of Hesse, Prince Alexander's nephew. The charming and intelligent young princess soon became friendly with Alexander's beautiful Polish wife and took an interest in the future of her children, her cousins by marriage. She was helped in her endeavours by Queen Victoria, whose heart was big enough to hold in affection not only her own very numerous descendants but all the "in-laws" and their families. It was arranged that the eldest Battenberg boy, Prince Louis, should come to England in 1868 at the age of 14. He was naturalised as a British subject and joined the British Navy in the same year. Assuming the name of Mountbatten in 1917, he rose to be First Sea Lord and an Admiral of the Fleet. He founded the fine naval tradition of the Mountbatten family, so ably carried on by his son Earl Mountbatten of Burma and his grandson the Duke of Edinburgh. Prince Louis' patroness, Princess Alice, unfortunately did not live to see him marry one of her daughters in 1884. She had died in 1878, at the age of 35, while nursing her children during a dangerous epidemic at Darmstadt, mourned both in her new and her native country. Had she lived a few months longer she would have witnessed the rise to fame of the second Battenberg son, Alexander.

Unlike his elder brother, Alexander, who was born in 1857, remained on the Continent, became a soldier, and received a commission in the Prussian Army. He had a fine military bearing and soon became popular. When the Russians fought the Turks in the Balkans in 1876-8, he served with the Russian Army as a junior officer and gained valuable fighting experience. Then, suddenly, at the age of 22, he got his big chance: he was offered a throne. The Congress of Berlin in 1878 set up a Bulgarian principality from former Turkish territory, but the Russians were forced to give up their plans for a Greater Bulgaria owing to British opposition. Britain feared that a powerful Bulgaria under Russian influence might endanger the status quo in the Straits of Constantinople, the preservation of which was one of the permanent aims of her diplomacy. The Congress also laid down that the ruler of the new Bulgarian state must not belong to a reigning European dynasty. For once it was an advantage to be a minor prince, but the competition was naturally great. The new ruler had to pass the very difficult dual test of being considered sufficiently pro-Russian by the Russians and not too pro-Russian by the other powers. Alexander was chosen because he was one of the very few princes who possessed all the needed qualifications. While not actually belonging to one of the great ruling dynasties, he was related to most of them. Though the Tsar's nephew and sponsored by the Russians, he was also known to be on good terms with the British Royal Family. The reasons which led to his selection were to make his tenure of the throne extremely difficult, and the hesitation with which he accepted the crown was to be fully justified.

For the present, however, in this year 1879, these insoluble problems belonged to the future. He made a good start by touring the European

capitals on what would nowadays be called a "good-will mission". He created a favourable impression in Britain and left with Queen Victoria's best wishes for his success. From the beginning however, there was friction with the Tsarist court. This was inevitable since the Russians played a prominent part in Bulgarian affairs, controlling some ministerial portfolios, stationing troops in the country, and providing military equipment. Nursing an embryo country into maturity is never easy and requires considerable tact, more than the Russians possessed. Naturally, Alexander wanted to limit interference, and just as naturally the Russian officials and officers on the spot resented this policy. However, as long as his uncle Alexander II occupied the Russian throne, the relations between the new Bulgaria and its liberators remained tolerable. The first serious setback was the change on the Russian throne. This occurred with the violence which the rulers had to accept as an occupational risk. In 1881 the Tsar was murdered by Russian revolutionaries. The murder of a friendly uncle and the succession of a suspicious cousin was a blow. The new Tsar, Alexander III, was always jealous of his good-looking cousin, and his increasing hostility became a vital factor in the latter's eventual downfall.

The crisis of the Prince's reign came in 1885, a crisis which began with great hopes and ended with the despair of defeat. The first trouble arose over the province of Eastern Rumelia, which lay between Turkey proper and the Bulgarian principality. Eastern Rumelia had been deliberately excluded from Bulgaria by the Great Powers at the Congress of Berlin in 1878, in the teeth of Russian opposition. Now the Eastern Rumelians rose against their Turkish masters and clamoured to be united with their Bulgarian brethren. Their rising was successful; Alexander responded to their call and incorporated Eastern Rumelia in his principality.

The reaction of the Great Powers revealed a dramatic swapping of parts. Russia, the leader of the Panslav movement which had during the war with the Turks created a Greater Bulgaria, now opposed the incorporation. Great Britain gave up her opposition and was now full of approval. The change in the Russian attitude was mainly due to resentment at Alexander's independent line of policy. The time had now nearly come for the Russians to pay off old scores. They announced that if the Bulgarians extended their territory, that was their own business: they could no longer expect any help. The Russian officers who served with the Bulgarian army were withdrawn and Alexander's name removed from the Russian army list. It was an unambiguous declaration that so long as the Bulgarian throne was occupied by Alexander, the Russians would not have any truck with Bulgaria.

This declaration was like the sound of a death knell for the young prince, but worse was to come. Perhaps not unconnected with the Russian attitude, King Milan of Serbia now invaded Bulgarian territory. A less determined ruler than Alexander might have given up then and there. His small army had just taken over Eastern Rumelia and was not immediately available to withstand the invasion. For the first time the Bulgarian Army had to stand on its own feet, without its Russian instructors but Alexander showed even more than the drive expected from him. He called on his subjects to rally round his banner and they responded

magnificently, irrespective of race and creed. After first giving ground, he was soon able to drive the Serbs out of the country. He then began a speedy advance which made him famous all over Europe, and it was only the pens of the diplomats which deprived him of the full reward. Ironically enough, the Austrians intervened towards the end of 1885 in favour of the very Serbia which eventually mortally weakened the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Still, the military victory was undoubted and Bulgaria was saved from the invader with whom it made peace in March 1886.

Now, however, the slow poison which Russia had injected into the internal Bulgarian situation began to work. Russian gold began to circulate freely in Bulgaria. Alexander's subjects were stirred up against him. The army, his main support, was systematically corrupted. A plot organised by a Russian officer to kidnap or murder him failed, but shortly afterwards an even bigger plot began to mature. The troops faithful to him were lured from the Bulgarian capital to the Serbian frontier by false rumours of Serbian aggressiveness. An officer dispatched to check up on the truth of the rumours confirmed their accuracy, for he was in the pay of the anti-Alexander party. The troops which had now been moved into the capital, including the new palace guard, had been well oiled with Russian money. Suddenly, one night in August 1886, Alexander found his palace surrounded by hostile troops. A drunken officer burst into his bedroom and demanded at pistol point that he should sign his abdication. He had no option but to obey and was removed to Russian territory as a prisoner.

So far the plot had gone like clock-work. But by the time that a stunned Bulgaria and a dumb-founded Europe had heard of the abdication and kidnapping, Alexander was already on his way back to Sofia to resume his rule. The coordination between the various Russian agents and authorities involved in the plot was not very good, for Alexander was not forced to remain on Russian territory long enough for the insurgents to establish a firm hold on the capital. When he decided to return to Sofia, nobody attempted to stop him, but now he committed a decisive error of judgment. At a moment when the tide of public opinion in many countries, including Bulgaria, was running strongly in his favour, he placed his crown at the disposal of the Tsar who haughtily accepted his abdication.

His false move was due to the series of shocks he had experienced. Constant Russian pressure and intrigues, the attempts on his life, the nocturnal kidnapping and forced abdication, had taken their toll. They had broken the spirit of a young man of 28 who had suddenly, after the greatest triumphs, lost in adversity all the freshness of youth. It is hard to find any other figure in history with such a meteoric rise and fall at so early an age. He abdicated formally and left the country for good in September 1886.

Alexander returned to the headlines once more in 1888, but only for a moment. He had for some years been on friendly terms with a Prussian princess and wished to marry her. Like his father a generation earlier, he now encountered considerable opposition, but, unlike his father, he failed. It was not now a matter of social distinction but of the balance of power at the Court of Berlin. The marriage project soon became a

secondary issue, for Alexander found himself involved in a hopeless battle with Bismarck. When the Chancellor produced strong reasons against Alexander's marriage to a Prussian princess in view of the Tsar's hostility to him, the old Emperor agreed and the marriage was vetoed. So long as Alexander was Prince of Bulgaria, Bismarck's objections had some justification, but he continued to oppose the match.

What were his motives? Strange though it may seem, Bismarck looked on Alexander as a rival for the Chancellorship, as the candidate of the party of the Crown Prince. He dreaded a change on the throne, but in view of the Emperor's age a new reign would have to begin sooner rather than later. He was haunted by the question as to what would happen when the Crown Prince became the Emperor Frederick III. Where he believed in "blood and iron", Frederick put his trust in truth and justice. Frederick shared the outlook of his wife, who had no dearer wish than that her daughter should become the wife of Alexander of Battenberg. Alexander's two brothers had married close relatives of hers; his younger brother was the husband of her youngest sister Beatrice and his elder brother had married her niece. Queen Victoria, too, would have liked, from a family point of view, to have seen the match, but she warned her daughter in one of those wise letters of the "grandmother of Europe" that she would have to be careful in view of the opposition which had arisen. The Crown Princess' friendship for Alexander was certainly one of the reasons why Bismarck looked on the Prince as rather suspect.

The marriage project reached its crisis during the short reign of Frederick III in 1888. The new Empress Victoria thought the hour had struck for the Battenberg match, but Bismarck remained adamant. The discussions took place under dramatic circumstances, for the Emperor ascended the throne a dying man. He could no longer speak and was only able to reply by writing short notes. Stormy scenes took place in his bedroom between Bismarck and the Empress. The Chancellor employed the old weapon of threatening to resign, more effective than ever now that it was used on a dying man; and he stooped so low as to use the eldest son against his dying father. When William ascended the throne himself a few weeks later, he prohibited the marriage. Alexander now drops out of the European scene in which he had played an important part for ten years, and soon married an actress. He died in 1893 at the age of 36. A few years earlier the news of his death would have stirred the whole of Europe. Now it hardly caused a ripple.

FRANK EYCK.

SOCIAL SCIENCE IN U.S.A.

ONE cannot be too parochial in writing about the position of social science in the United States. America is at the moment the country of social science. Both in quantity and quality, American research today is contributing to the health and vigour of the social sciences in all countries. For this reason developments in U.S. social science are of more than local significance. They are here viewed in this light. But in painting such a large picture as we have here one can only be an

impressionist, and in such an impressionistic account we cannot aim at an impossible objectivity. We openly admit in advance to the heavy element of subjectivity involved. There is subjectivity in the making of judgments; there is subjectivity also in our deciding what to include and what not to include, what to exclude from this account.

First it is necessary to delimit boundaries! What actually is social science? The term is conventionally used in America to include all the fields which deal, in a broad sense, with the relationships of human beings. Thus history, economics, political science, anthropology, sociology, psychology are included in this general sense. But this all-inclusive (American) use of the term embraces too tremendous a field. In order to narrow down the territory to workable proportions, we shall concentrate on the one science of sociology, and this we define as the science that deals with the processes and products of human relations. It is, then, the study of the human society. To use the definition of one of America's pioneers in this field, Franklin Giddings, as he put it in a book published twenty years ago, "Sociology is the study of the behaviour of human beings with, to, and for one another, and of the resulting arrangement of relationships and activities which we call human society." This behaviour of human beings *with, to, and for one another*, and the *resulting arrangements*, are what another American, E. A. Ross, earlier termed the social *processes and products*.

The term sociology is less than one hundred years old, and the American Sociological Society was founded only in 1906. Yet by 1950, there were well over five thousand courses in sociology offered in the colleges and universities of the United States. Many American departments offer courses not only in general sociology but in social organization, social theory, urban sociology, rural sociology, sociology of labour, of knowledge, of religion, of language, and so on. This branching out into an infinity of specializations is a development of the last few years. Each year in fact seems to bring its new ones. Odum, in the book he has just published, *American Sociology*, quotes the staggering number of 4,594 specialisms which for convenience (!) are put into 409 categories. The first ten categories, in order of size, are: social psychology, social theory, demography and population, criminology and penology, marriage, rural sociology, family, race relations, urban sociology, industrial sociology. These figures include, of course, a good many topics which are post-graduate theses. But even the more modest number of projects reported by the mature members of the American Sociological Society in 1950 comes to 859—of which ninety-eight are in social psychology, over seventy each in racial and ethnic relations, marriage and the family, and industrial sociology, and sixty-eight in the fast rising field "World Areas".

Such a statistical report might itself almost pass for research, considering the present-day emphasis on statistics and surveys. But the status of sociology in America should hardly be judged by statistics alone. The quality of the work done is much more important than the quantity. Already teachers are trying to put a stop to this fragmentation of sociology. Leading American sociologists, influenced by the "General Education" movement which swept the country in the last few years, have come to realize the dangers of their advanced students knowing more and more

about less and less. In 1946 Harvard University led the way in creating a Department of Social Relations, and there are now in this department representatives of the fields of sociology, cultural anthropology, social psychology, and clinical psychiatry. A candidate for the Ph.D. degree at Harvard will today have a little more than the purely specialist knowledge of more conventional topics of sociology. Many other universities are attempting to follow Harvard's lead in this matter.

Sociology, of course, like physics or zoology, must have its detailed topics to be studied and analysed. One cannot study "society" in the abstract; there have to be investigations on specific aspects of city life or of family tensions or group dynamics, and so on. Modern sociology has its laboratory in society, and the sociologist *must* concern himself with small details. But the danger today is that too many investigators of the phenomena of society are concentrating to such an extent on *minutiae* that their science is not developing a unifying body of principles and a methodology that can be used by all sociologists. *Perhaps* a broader training, and in more subject matters, will help this situation. In any case, it is essential that more workers devote themselves to the cultivation of *general* sociology.

When we come to choose some specific research fields for examination, we have to be careful which to select. We shall describe briefly some of the current research in industrial relations and in race relations. Both these fields will illustrate some characteristic problems, and both involve phenomena which are of more than purely local importance. Elton Mayo, a British-American scientist, made the labour-relations type of investigation well known by his studies at the Hawthorne plant of the Western Electric Company in America. Since his volumes on the "Social Problems" and "The Human Problems of an Industrial Civilization," Mayo's successors at Harvard and followers in a number of universities have concentrated on this field of industrial relations. Even Mayo, of course, was not the pioneer in this area; but he showed how informal groups developed in his factory, in Hawthorne, and how these often set goals of their own which opposed the formal goals of management. The evidence as to the importance of informal groups in encouraging or in restraining industrial output is today conclusive.

Many of the studies going on now in industrial relations are sponsored by business concerns with gigantic financial resources behind them. The management of many industries regards human relations research as of "top priority". Of course many more managements remain uninterested in the possibility of sociological investigations of their communities. Now comes a new phenomenon. Again and again in the literature of human relations we find the recurring theme that the use of more "intelligent" managerial techniques can help to "control" the worker. We must ask this question: is the good of the employees always the motivation for making industrial relations studies? The answer, of course, is that it is not.

Some unions have voiced their suspicions of these "researches" in no uncertain terms. And sociologists have themselves criticized much of this work. A few of them are afraid that it is a bureaucratic device, which has greater political than scientific significance. "Many group researchers

in social science," according to one critic, "are 'assimilated members of the American business community.'" On the other hand there are unions co-operating with managements in sponsoring some investigations. At the Labour-Management Centre at Yale University, the Connecticut Union of Telephone Workers co-operates with the Southern New England Telephone Company in sponsoring a large study of labour relations. Other examples of similar joint sponsorship could be mentioned; though we do not as yet find the mine workers co-operating with the American mine chiefs or the dock workers jointly sponsoring investigations with the United States Lines.

Quantitatively, there is a good deal of research under way in America on these problems. Different problems are being examined at the University of Michigan (where the projects are supported by several large factories and by the U.S. Office of Naval Research), at the Harvard Business School, at the Cornell School of Industrial and Labour Relations, at Yale, California, etc. . . . Also, some of the general studies on Human Relations have had results which are clearly applicable in this field of labour relations. Alexander Leighton, author of the well-known book, *The Governing of Men*, says that our problem is not only that so little is known but that to a large extent what is known is not used. Leighton, incidentally, is now head of the Cornell School of Industrial Relations. But his remark just quoted is applicable also to race relations. We have already mentioned the seventy-four projects in this specialism which are reported by members of the American Sociological Society. Bear in mind, however, that the problems of race relations are not entirely the province of the sociologist. There are the psychological dimensions of prejudice, and these have been recently much studied.

How can we paint this part of our picture? There are so many prejudices in the United States (as in other countries)—against Negroes, Jews, Japanese-Americans, Chinese-Americans, Portuguese, Mexicans, etc. We cannot go into details of all this. But recent investigations by psychologists seem to show that actually prejudice is generalised. And intolerance seems to be neither purely social nor purely psychological in origin. It is associated with downward social mobility and also with subjective feelings of deprivation. There are definite psychological "advantages" in looking down on "inferior" groups. There is a difference between prejudice and discrimination. People often argue that "you can't legislate against prejudice." (This is a new version of the dictum by the nineteenth century sociologist, Sumner, that "Stateways cannot change folkways.") But the evidence is that the prejudiced person is impressed by legal restraints against discrimination. Recent studies have made this clear, and in consequence there are today many projects in the United States which are beginning to apply the results of research. We think, as regard America, of the Fair Employment Practices Commission, of the different State Commissions against discrimination, of bi-racial housing projects, and so on. (Perhaps we might even cite here as making use of this same principle, and as even more impressive, the constitution itself of democratic India.)

Here is the interesting thing for sociology. The "sociological research" in this field of race relations is not entirely sociological. As Odum puts

it, it "is set within the framework of the larger societal situation with moral directives and political perspective more than within the framework of sociological theory and social research." The important thing to note is that sociologist-scientists are so strongly conditioned by their environments that they are definitely influenced in this field by non-sociological considerations also. Many academic researchers are interested in these practical applications. This is good; but this is also the reason for sociology often being confused with "social betterment" programmes. Yet science is *not* "social work". This tendency to confuse sociology with social betterment has dangers. The sociologist is supposed to study society impartially—to find out or to theorise about "what makes the wheels go round." He should make his good, sound theories immediately available to social workers for application. But applied science is not pure science, in sociology any more than in other fields.

There is always a danger, then, if the motive for making sociological investigations is anything other than the desire for Truth. And the facts are that there is too little pure sociological research in the United States. Support is not given in some fields because of the very nature of American society. The American credo is not a simple straightforward thing. We, in our technological society where the products of science are everywhere, are convinced that we need science. But we have always been convinced that "science has no right to interfere with business and our other fundamental institutions." Some of our sociologists are disturbed about the essential sterility, because of this reason, of much that passes for research today. Sociology is not atomic physics. Its findings, though perhaps as revolutionary as the findings of physics, cannot be put into effect without the support of people in general. But whereas only physicists are experts in atomic physics, everyone thinks himself to be an expert in human relations. Many sponsors of research seem, even in the very selection of problems, to hint at the "desirable" results.

When we consider all these things, it should not surprise us too much to hear an eminent sociologist, Harry Elmer Barnes, lament the tendency of sociologists to be sheep rather than shepherds. He says in a review of a book that we have already mentioned, *American Sociology* by H. W. Odum, "As the United States moves ever more rapidly and completely into the intellectual patterns of the Orwellian 1984 social order, the sociologists are heading in ever greater numbers towards the "Ministry of Truth" or are making their writings to conform to its doctrinal mandates." This is quite an indictment. It is an indictment of American society as well as of American sociology. But we stand up for the shepherds. There has always been more than one stream in American thought, and there have always been "shepherds". Thus in the last century Lester Ward, who became the first President of the American Sociological Society, (at the time when Sumner was so loudly saying that society must be let alone), was forthrightly proclaiming the opposite. To be sure it was years later, but Ward's ideas and sociological theories were translated into every-day use by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Despite the clouds there are shepherds today also. We think of the Lynds, Leighton, Stouffer and others. Of course, with the many sheep, there is much to criticise in sociology. There is no sense in trying to

conceal this. Too many sociologists are writing papers—without reading any. Too many have succumbed to using techniques and statistics almost to the exclusion of thinking. Too many do their best to make complicated the simple, that is, to translate common ideas into a senseless jargon. But there is reason to be optimistic. Robert Merton, of Columbia University, overstates when he says that "The stereotype of the social theorist, high in the empyrean of pure ideas uncontaminated by mundane facts, is fast becoming no less outmoded than the stereotype of the social researcher equipped with questionnaire and pencil and hot on the chase of the isolated and meaningless statistic." But the evidence is impressive that our sociological shepherds are not unaware of the obstacles to be overcome, and that despite the woolliness of some of the sheep they at least do not have wool over their eyes.

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BANANAS

NOW that bananas are being imported from Jamaica by private traders and controls are lifted, we shall soon be hearing the barrow boys welcome cry: 'Ripe bananas!' and the old Music Hall song will bring back nostalgic memories of more fruitful days. If you want to be wise you would do well to adopt the ancient custom and eat bananas. This fruit was one of the first foods of man, and banana trees were probably the first fruit trees to be cultivated.

There are many interesting beliefs about the banana, which is a tree of the plantain family, and it is certain that it has its roots deep in the fertile soil of antiquity. The banana of commerce *Musa sapientium* is no doubt an improved and cultivated variety of the original wild fruit *M. paradisiaca* that had big black seeds and very little edible flesh. The botanical name of the native plant bears out the legend that the banana, not the apple, was the 'forbidden fruit' that grew in the Garden of Eden. And in the Koran the delectable banana is referred to as Paradise fruit. Wherever the Garden of Eden may have been situated, whether in the Middle or Far East, the warm climate would lend itself very well to the growing of bananas. *Sapientium* simply means the 'fruit of wise men'. Theophrastus, a student of Aristotle, mentions a banana-like fruit in India called Kadali and that this was eaten by Brahmin teachers and philosophers as they sat naked in the welcome shade of the trees that grew it.

The fruit has so many names throughout the world that it is difficult to trace the exact origin of our mouth-watering name Banana. In China it is called Pachiao and in Spain platano. Our name probably comes from the African Bantu language, for long ago British travellers in Alexandria heard the fruit called *bana* or *banane*. The adventurous Portuguese navigators did more than anyone else to spread the fame of the banana throughout the world—it was their favourite fruit. At an early date bananas were being cultivated in Java and from there the delicacy spread to the Pacific Islands and Hawaii. At about the same time the banana also travelled westwards from India to Africa and the

Canary Islands. The next move was across the Atlantic to Brazil and the Americas. Not long after Colombus discovered America the banana started to take a hold in the New World. When Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdes wrote the first history of the New World in 1526, he mentions a fruit called *platanos*, which he says was brought from the Great Canary by the Reverend Father Thomas de Berlanga, and that the plant had come to the Canary Islands from the East Indies. It will be seen that the banana, travelling in two directions, finally circumvented the world.

Though Cromwell was said to be inordinately fond of oranges and we owe to him the acquisition of Jamaica in 1655, bananas seem to have been overlooked by the British conquerors. We were one of the last nations to help ourselves to bananas, and the fruit remained a rare luxury in British markets as late as the end of the nineteenth century. It was in fact as hard to obtain in the Victorian era as it is to-day. But in 1901 big shipments began to arrive from the Canary Islands and banana supplies from Jamaica were also off-loaded at Bristol docks. It became difficult to keep pace with the ever-growing British appetite for bananas, and soon we were eating them at the rate of 40 million a week. Long before we ever saw bananas in the west, the natives of tropical and sub-tropical countries had fully appreciated them and put the tree and fruit to all manner of uses. In fact it was found that there was little that could not be done when once you 'had some bananas'. For domestic purposes the leaves were useful for thatched roofs and whole pre-fabricated huts could be made of them. A mason's trowel in the East is usually a piece of banana leaf. The banana leaf is the paper bag of native markets on which fish and meat are carried home, and a few leaves stacked round a hot meal will keep it as warm as in the oven. It is possible too by the simple process of boiling to break up the fibrous stem of the tree and weave the raw material into fine and lasting linen and cloth. Banana pulp is commonly used in paper mills abroad.

The medicinal qualities of bananas are so well known that Linnaeus named the genus after Musa, the physician to Emperor Augustus. In spite of the fact that some people cannot easily digest bananas, they are said to be soothing to ulcerated stomachs and a good remedy in cases of dysentery. The ancient Eastern physician, Meng Hsin, recommended bananas as an almost universal panacea for all ailments. He gave the recipe and prescription—'Cook the banana by steaming, they dry it in the sun till it bursts, and grind the powder to flour.' Taken in this way he advocated that bananas strengthened the marrow in the bones and quickened the blood circulation. The same physician pointed out that bananas are good thirst quenchers and a 'lubrication for the lungs'. To-day we know that this tasty fruit is rich in vitamins and recently the green skins have been found rich in the useful chemical chlorophyll. This is by no means all. Eat bananas if you are off your food and they will whet your appetite. Eat this health giving food also if your bile is out of order or you suffer from haemoptysis. Not long ago it was a common practice to put banana pulp on wounds to staunch the blood and help heal the flesh, and there is nothing more comforting or 'drawing' as a poultice for boils. A few warm drops of banana juice will quickly alleviate earache, and even the roots in the east are brewed into health-

giving drinks, said to make one live to a ripe old age. The banana plant is almost as useful to livestock as to human beings. When fed green to cattle it has the same nutritive value as grain. After fruiting, the Chinese cut down the stem and use it for pig mash.

The banana tree grows and fruits in an interesting way. The tree reaches about 20 feet, but what appears to be a thick trunk is really only the bases of the huge oblong leaves, each 10 feet long and 1 foot wide. The actual stalk springing from the root, which bears the flowers, shoots up between the leaves and in the tropics reaches its full height in six weeks. The flowers grow in clustered spirals round the stalk and are made up of six stamens and an ovary, which develops into the fruit that we eat. In the upper clusters only the stamens develop, so that the big marketable fruits are picked from the lower bunches. Each bunch weighs about 60 lbs. and an acre of banana trees will yield 10 tons of fruit.

Our main supplies in the future will come from Jamaica, a country perhaps better known for rum made from the juice of sugar cane, but up to the World War bananas were by far the greatest Jamaican export, bringing in more than £2 millions annually. In the war years, however, the tendency reverted to cane growing, and many banana plantations deteriorated. Now with better prices to the native growers and a world wide demand, bananas are on the up grade once more.

Bananas at 1s. 1d. a pound in British shops may appear expensive, but the pulpy fruit is not easy or cheap to handle over long distances. It travels to our ports in special 'banana ships' in which it is kept at an even temperature of $\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}\text{F}$. and even when the bananas have been safely off-loaded, they have to travel overland packed in straw in steam-heated railway trucks used for no other purpose. One would like to think that there is something of warm tropical sunshine in the skins of bananas, but in the plantations they are cut green. The golden colour is imparted to them by artificial ripening in the gas-heated storage chambers of wholesale dealers. Bananas are at their best when the green on the skin has quite disappeared and a few brown spots are seen on the outside. The size of a banana does not always denote good quality, and some of the most tasty bananas are the small thin-skinned varieties such as the Pisang mas, grown in Malaya.

Fifty thousand stems of bananas have recently arrived from Jamaica in one ship and soon a colourful and fruity display will be seen in our shops. Bananas, however, have often hit the headlines and played an important part in international economy. The banana industry has almost started a war and been the cause of many minor revolutions in Central and South America. This fruit of antiquity has turned jungle into flourishing towns and ports. Because of the great demand for the fruit thousands of miles of railways have been built and the first shipping service between South and North America was inaugurated.

There are few ways in which bananas cannot be cooked. They are as good in curry as in sweets or ice cream. While we have our banana splits, fritters and bananas and cereal as a popular breakfast dish, the Americans favour banana cream pie. It is interesting to note that all the old writers in praise of bananas give a warning that they should not be eaten with milk. If you care to risk running a private still, fermented bananas make

a knock-me-down liquor or a potent colourless spirit. The banana that is both food and drink and a stimulant to brain and body almost achieves the impossible—for when you have eaten your cake you can still have it. A celebrated gourmet was once heard to remark—"The pulp of a banana is very sweet, like sugar and honey. Four or five are sufficient for a meal and after eating the flavour lingers on among the teeth."

R. H. FERRY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE CHANGE OF HEART

SINCE the death of Stalin (March 5th), and of Gottwald (March 14th) and the visit of Tito to London (March 16th to 20th) Western speculation has been increasingly exercised about a possible change of heart, as the phrase goes, in Moscow, in Prague and the other satellite capitals, and in Belgrade. As these lines are written the temperature of hope and of expectation has fallen a little, not surprisingly, but some good has been done by the processes of the calculation itself. It is after all arguable that the west must be an active agent, not a passive spectator, of any real change that may be vouchsafed from the east. So long as the outlook in the west, the so-called Christian west, as well as in the east, is exclusively materialist, the change of heart, which is an essentially spiritual change, is dammed at the source. It is the primary responsibility of a Christian civilisation to give the lead in a matter that is essentially spiritual. So long as western thought is bounded by materialist concern about the possibility of averting or postponing another world war, without reference to the underlying spirit which is the only effective guarantee of security, so long will the thought and the speculation be wasted, the tears and the sweat be shed in vain. There is no denying the importance of the opportunity provided by the death of Stalin. The processes of thought thereby set in action are as yet indecisive. The disappointment experienced in their early stages may yet, however, be recognised as a blessing in disguise, if it acts as a spur to the true achievement.

The computation of those early developments centres round President Eisenhower's pronouncement of April 16th, Sir (then Mr.) Winston Churchill's support of it given on April 17th and 20th, the Russian answer, restrained in word and in form, but not otherwise constructive, published in *Pravda* on April 25th and an event that took place in Belgrade on April 24th.

President Eisenhower was addressing the American Society of Newspaper Editors at their annual meeting in Washington. It was his first formal speech since Stalin's death. In it he made an appeal to the new Soviet leaders to "turn the tide of history", by coming to terms with the west. It happened that on the very day before President Eisenhower made his speech, Mr. Vyshinsky had again, by a sort of hark-back, raised anxious brows in the United Nations by declaring that Russia would "never" accept the western proposals about disarmament. What none the less President Eisenhower did in his appeal to Moscow was to em-

phasize the ultimate goal of disarmament, and to suggest that if that goal could be reached, the gigantic resources of money and enterprise now wasted in the armaments race could be used instead for a "new kind of war": of war upon the "brute forces of poverty and need". To that end he outlined a programme, not indeed of immediate literal disarmament (about which, some comment will be found below) but of a limitation of armaments such as might be a stepping-stone to ultimate disarmament; and he qualified the proposal by the excellent *caveat* that "the formula matters less than the faith—the good faith without which no formula can work justly and effectively".

It seemed reasonable on the morrow of so earnest an appeal to suppose that it would be difficult for Russian diplomacy to ignore the invitation thus given it to prove by unequivocal action whether its purpose was in fact honestly to implement its own recent protestations of peaceful intent: in short to do everything that lay within its power—and that was a good deal—to turn this dread tide of history that threatens to engulf the world. The threat is real, whether or no it issue in another active world war. Speaking of the hope of a "a just peace for all peoples" that followed the end of the second world war in 1945, President Eisenhower had to confess that "the eight years that have passed have seen that hope waver, grow dim, and almost die; and the shadow of fear again has darkly lengthened across the world."

Curiously, the President epitomised the history of the second world war and its sequel in a manner superficially in conformity with the popular impression, but hardly in conformity with the facts that lay below the surface. Being a soldier he perhaps naturally took the superficial view of the war and ignored the complications which even at the time were familiar to those whose business by contrast was with the diplomatic undercurrents. Referring, for instance, to the "vain hope of 1945" he gave this outline of what happened to it: "In that spring of victory the soldiers of the western allies met the soldiers of Russia in the centre of Europe. They were triumphant comrades-in-arms. Their peoples shared the joyous prospect of building, in honour of their dead, the only fitting monument—an age of just peace".

Now it happens that exalted aspirations of such a kind did follow the second, as they followed the first, world war. Twice falsified, however, they demand a critical evaluation. It is one of the atrocities inflicted upon the spirit of good simple people that the abominable conventions that have grown round war should include a mixed form of heroism in the performance and idealism in the purpose. There is no doubt about the heroism displayed, nor about the sincerity of the idealism professed. The tragedy is that both of them are misconceived and are in quality an instrument of the Devil, past-master as he is in using good human instincts for his foul purpose. War is an outrage upon human decency and commonsense. Except by a miracle of God it cannot produce a good result. Not one intelligent argument can be mastered to excuse it. It spells failure in the high purpose of the human destiny. In a bad tradition we clothe it in a Devil's pomp and circumstance, to the greater glory of that Devil's empire over sinful man. The so-called "pacifist" who merely refuses to face the facts of life, among them the fact that war

is the periodic climax of man's subjection to the empire of the Devil, makes no moral contribution to the argument, because his concern is with symptoms of an evil, not with its causes. In common with all human problems, the problem of war is a moral problem, to be solved only by the grace of God, flowing through the sacramental channels provided by Him for the purpose and needing man's cooperation if it is to be fruitful. It is irrelevant to refuse to fight when the war is on. When war comes, we are all in it, willy-nilly, combatant or non-combatant. The price of failure has to be paid, and none can dodge his share. One might as intelligently refuse to be burnt if one put one's finger in the fire, as refuse to pay the penalty of man's collective folly which makes war inevitable. The answer in the one case is that one should not put one's finger in the fire, and in the other that one should not contribute (as we all do more or less contribute) to the collective folly of greed and hatred. Christ gave us a church to keep us from folly and to help us in the positive enterprise of love and goodwill.

Too few there are who make use of the provision thus made. Hence it is that the bad untrue tradition has been built up about war and about its "glorious annals". Being caught up in the resultant muddle we are easily misled into unsound hopes and aspirations. After the first world war the Treaty of Versailles, honestly but not intelligently, could promise us a "firm, just and durable Peace". After the second, as President Eisenhower rightly observed eight years after the event, "all these war-weary peoples shared this concrete, decent purpose to guard vigilantly against the domination ever again of any part of the world by a single, unbridled aggressive Power"; and in his very next sentence (of course) confessed that "this common purpose lasted an instant—and perished". He said that "the nations of the world divided to follow two distinct roads". Could any other upshot be intelligently expected? There was nothing in the war itself of the "comradeship" in arms between east and west that he spoke of. There was only a muddle of competitive purpose, a war within a war, in which Russia was fighting on both sides, against Germany in the first instance, against the western allies in the second. So long as we fail to recognise that war is necessarily a muddle, a blunder and a crime, in which no good human qualities can properly be mobilised, so long shall we wallow in our self-deception and misery.

In these last few weeks we have all talked about a possible "change of heart" in Moscow. We thereby invite the disappointment we have already begun to feel. The change of heart is indeed the indispensable forerunner of peace; but it is in the smaller degree as imperative in the west as in the east. The main difference between the two is that whereas in the east, nonsensically, even fantastically, they reject the means given freely by God for our success in achieving peace and security, it happens in the west that we retain the means but do not use it: or not fully or adequately or even understandingly use it. The only alternative to hatred is love. Sir Winston Churchill made one of his great pronouncements when on April 29th last he put a stop to a certain idiotic exchange that took place across the floor of the House of Commons about the propriety of paying tributes to such a person as Dr. Hans Speidel, Rommel's old Chief of Staff, a German, and about an alleged incidental

"affront" to the men who had fought on the north African coast. Sir Winston observed that if that line was to be taken (i.e. of taking Dr. Speidel's visit to London as an affront) "there would be no peace possible between those great branches of the human family. Such keeping alive of hatred was one of the worst injuries that could be done to the peace of the world".

For his part, President Eisenhower in the address above mentioned outlined a few of the "precepts" which guided the policy of the United States in foreign affairs, thus: "(1) No people on earth can be held—as a people—to be an enemy, for all humanity shares the common hunger for peace and fellowship and justice; (2) no nation's security and well-being can be lastingly achieved in isolation, but only in effective cooperation with fellow nations; (3) any nation's right to a form of government and an economic system of its own choosing is inalienable; (4) any nation's attempt to dictate to other nations their form of government is indefensible; and (5) a nation's hope of lasting peace cannot be firmly based upon any race in armaments, but rather upon just relations and honest understanding with all other nations". There was little that was new to diplomatic thought in such a catalogue of principles. Indeed they have been familiar to all students of affairs these past thirty-odd years, and as abortive as familiar.

The President might have, but did not, preface the catalogue with the religious postulate of conscious acceptance of the grace of God as the essential fertiliser of such excellent principles. The omission was the more remarkable because in another part of his address he showed himself to be aware of the necessary mystic leaven in these human enterprises in his observation about the formula mattering less than the faith. Why is it that our public men tend to fight shy of a frankly religious approach to problems which even in our time have proved themselves over and over again to be insoluble on merely philosophical motives—motives, that is, deriving from a merely human reasoning pursued without prayer, without the frank invocation of God's help? When we remember that the crisis of our time, more positively than any former crisis in our history, centres upon the challenge of materialist philosophy to Christian civilisation—civilisation, that is, sanctioned by the ordinances of Christ—it becomes something like a perversity that those who find themselves in the position of defenders of that civilisation against that menace should forget, as it were, their own terms of reference.

President Eisenhower went on to make a series of specific proposals such as might constitute a basis of constructive conference, thus: "(1) the limitation by absolute numbers or by an agreed international ratio, of the sizes of the military and security forces of all nations; (2) a commitment by all nations to set agreed limitation upon that proportion of total production of certain strategic materials to be devoted to military purposes, (3) international control of atomic energy to promote its use for peaceful purposes only, and to ensure the prohibition of atomic weapons; (4) a limitation or prohibition of other categories of weapons of great destructiveness; (5) the enforcement of all these agreed limitations and prohibitions by adequate safeguards, including a practical system of inspection under the United Nations". He fortified the proposals by his invocation

of "faith" and by the suggested diversion of money and energy from armaments to the means of attack upon hunger and poverty; and ended with a peroration of an admirable doctrine: "The purpose of the United States in stating these proposals is simple and clear. These proposals spring—without ulterior purpose or political passion—from our calm conviction that the hunger for just peace is in the hearts of all peoples—those of Russia and China no less than of our own country. They conform to our firm faith that God created men to enjoy, not destroy, the fruits of the earth and of their own toil. They aspire to this: the lifting from the backs and from the hearts of men of their burden of arms and of fears, so that they may find before them a golden age of freedom and of peace".

It has been clear for these past forty years that the way to international security, and there is no other way, lies through disarmament, and that disarmament can be achieved only through an act of faith. In other words fear must first be exorcised from the diplomatic motive. The diplomatic history of our time has proved that the "limitation" of armaments is a snare and a delusion, because it keeps alive the fatal fear; but it may be that President Eisenhower, who by his speech showed himself to be sensitive to the danger of half measures, was using the bait of limitation as a tactful and tactical means to abolition, the full programme in his mind being perhaps reserved till an actual Great Power conference could be brought into operation. It may be so.

Sir Winston Churchill, alert as always to the chance of encouraging good sense in an age distinguished by its negation, lost no time in hailing what he called President Eisenhower's "massive and magnificent statement of our case". He was speaking in Glasgow on April 17th. He asked: "Is there a new breeze blowing on the tormented world?" He said: "We live in a time when science offers a blind prodigality to mankind: the choice between a golden age of prosperity and the most hideous form of destruction". He urged: "We must not throw away a single hope, however slender, so long as we believe there is good faith and good will behind the actions of those with whom we have to deal". Again on April 20th, speaking in the House of Commons, Sir Winston reiterated his welcome to the President's "bold and inspiring initiative", and again promised his support. "I trust" he said "that nothing will be said which will check or chill the processes of good will which may be at work, and my hope is that they may presently lead to conversations on the highest level, even if informal and private, between some of the principal Powers concerned".

The evidence of change, if any, in the prospect is not yet fully available. *Pravda's* long article of April 25th hardly contributed to it. Brevity being not included in the catalogue of Russian virtues, the article (which was broadcast by Moscow radio on April 25th a few hours after Mr. Winston Churchill was knighted by the Queen) ran to more than 5,000 words, and filled six columns of *Pravda's* first page. It was followed, on the third page, by the full text, not distorted nor in any way misrepresented, of President Eisenhower's speech. It marked a distinct new phase of Russia's attitude to the west by its total abandonment of the provocative abuse and misleading invention which had marked the campaign of cold enmity waged by the Kremlin for eight years past. It answered what

President Eisenhower actually said, not what it wanted its readers to believe that he said. It answered calmly and with a show of reason; but in the new form it maintained all the old intransigence in essentials. There was no retreat from the familiar communist version of past history nor from the propaganda of future purpose. Still, there is something gained, even if only the form of controversy be humanised.

Pravda started with the usual bald statement that "the Soviet people carried on their shoulders the main burden of the great struggle (i.e., the second world war)", went on to claim that Russia's post-war policy aimed at peace and independence for Russia, freedom for "enslaved peoples", and "stable peace and international security" in general. On the subject of Korea, Russia's original concern was represented as "the restoration of the national unity" of that country, and her present concern the conclusion of "a just truce". About China, the argument was summed up in the question, "who can consider as normal a situation in which the largest country in the world, China, is deprived of the possibility of participating in the work of the Security Council and the General Assembly, while some Kuomintang scarecrow is being exhibited in the United Nations organs?" On the general subject of Asia the same old thesis was repeated. "The President" ran the article "simply sins against the commonly known historic laws when he calls upon the leadership of the Soviet Union to utilise its decisive influence in the communist world so as to retard the liberation movement of the colonial people in Asia against their centuries-old oppression and enslavement". So much for Malaya, Indo-China and the rest!

Similarly the President's five precepts and five proposals were combated by specious and tendentious argument such as at no point offered the slightest prospect of agreement or accommodation on Russia's part. Play was made with the alleged "murmurs" that were being heard, especially in Britain, against the United States. The familiar line was taken about "such an important international problem as the restoration of the national unity of Germany on democratic and peace-loving principles"; and "as regards the Austrian treaty, one can only repeat in this connection [namely, the restoration of lawful rights] that in this case too there is no question which cannot be solved on the basis of agreement reached previously with genuine regard for the democratic rights of the Austrian people".

Is it necessary to quote further from this long document? Although such words as "spies" and "murderers" were not used in the attack, the attack was none the less prosecuted with all the old abuse of words in their strict meaning. The Russian suppression of democracy was itself represented to be a democratic process, and Russia's aggressions upon the human spirit and circumstance were all cloaked with "peace-loving" slogans. And of course there was not a word about religion nor about man's spiritual birthrights trampled underfoot by the Kremlin. The very appeal made by the west for peace was transmogrified into a Russian appeal. The article ended with the statement that "the Soviet leaders are not connecting their appeal for a peaceful settlement of international problems with any preliminary demands to the United States"; protested "the readiness of the Soviet side for a serious, businesslike

discussion of problems both by direct negotiations, and where necessary within the framework of the United Nations"; and generally gave as its object "the strengthening of universal peace". From that *Pravda* article there results no evidence whatever of a better prospect for a peaceful settlement of world problems.

In the other evidence must unfortunately be included the breakdown on April 24th of the Belgrade conference between representatives of the Yugoslav Government and of the Roman Catholic Church. Sir Winston Churchill told the House of Commons on April 1st, that is on the morrow of Marshal Tito's visit to London, that the relations of State and Church in Yugoslavia were "under earnest review" by the Yugoslav Government. That review apparently came to nought. On April 24th the persisting communist claim to dictatorship over the Church, to the supremacy of the political over the divine law, presented the hierarchy with no alternative to the breaking off of the discussions. The central issue of our time lies between the subjection of the human race to the tyranny of atheist political materialism on the one hand and on the other the free acceptance in a Christian civilisation of the love and will of omnipotent God as the decisive instrument of human welfare. The answer is not yet. Victory for the good cause is ultimately certain, for God is indeed omnipotent; but in human affairs God normally works through human agency. Men must first display their faith and act upon it.

May 11th, 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LORD SALISBURY*

When Lady Gwendolen Cecil died without completing the impressive biography of her father, it was naturally expected that a fifth volume by another hand would cover the last decade of his eventful career. That hope has been disappointed, though it is never too late to fill the gap, as Mr. Julian Amery is proving by the continuation of Garvin's eloquent masterpiece. What Mr. Kennedy gives us in this masterly work is a living portrait of a remarkable personality and a skilful record of his achievements. He is to be congratulated on his success in a difficult enterprise, and indeed no one could have done it better. He has spent his life in the study of diplomacy past and present, and his previous writings have established a solid reputation as a recognised authority on modern British statesmanship. A touch of intimacy is introduced by the fact that his father served under the greatest of our Foreign Ministers of the last hundred years. The volume belongs to the same select class of political portraits as Dr. Thomas Jones' study of Lloyd George and Mr. G. M. Young's interpretation of Stanley Baldwin. It will be read with particular interest by those who, like the reviewer, grew to manhood during the closing years of the nineteenth century when, with Queen Victoria on the throne and Salisbury at the helm, British power, British prestige and British self-confidence were at their height. To see that massive figure in the flesh was to derive fresh confidence in the foundations of the Constitution and the Empire.

Mr. Kennedy, like Lady Gwendolen, sketches the early years of his hero, his loneliness in the great house at Hatfield, his moods of depression, his utter misery at Eton, his voyage round the world in search of health, his articles in

the *Quarterly Review*, his chemical experiments, his deep religious faith, his marriage to a woman with a happier temperament than his own, his early entry into the House of Commons, his succession to the title and wealth after the death of an invalid elder brother. He never wore his heart on his sleeve, and his daughter testifies that outside his family circle his friendship with Queen Victoria was the warmest and closest of his life. That he fulfilled himself is undeniable, but he never derived the same unbounded satisfaction from success that we find in the careers of less inhibited natures such as Joseph Chamberlain, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. At the foundation of his being there was an ineradicable pessimism—about human nature in general and legislation in particular. It has been truly said that every Liberal is something of an optimist. Of this natural buoyancy there was not a trace in the Lord of Hatfield, to whom society was a bore and politics a duty rather than a delight. No British Premier was less inclined to play to the gallery and thirst for applause. Such men are respected, admired and trusted rather than beloved.

Lord Robert Cecil made his name in the House of Commons as a 'stern and unbending Tory,' to quote Macaulay's celebrated description of Gladstone in his early years. Though he was not a very frequent speaker, he expounded his political creed in his brilliant and pungent contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, which fully deserve the eulogies of his biographer. His models were Pitt and Castlereagh, reserved, unemotional, cool-headed statesmen who cared nothing for popularity and thought only of the security and honour of their country. He disliked Disraeli far more than Gladstone, and resigned in angry disgust from his Government when, after opposing the Whig proposal for the enfranchisement of the urban worker, the Conservative leader took office and carried a bill which went a good deal further. He accepted, though he disliked, democracy, writes Mr. Kennedy, and he had a profound belief in the sound political instinct of the British people. Yet he believed still more profoundly that it was the right and the duty of the governing classes to govern, since they alone possessed the necessary education and experience. Of the Welfare State and a minimum standard of life for every citizen he had as little conception as Gladstone.

Though Mr. Kennedy entertains immense respect and admiration for Salisbury, he admits that he never displayed the same instinct in home as in foreign affairs. He regretted the extension of the franchise on the ground that it would lead to 'the rich paying all the taxes and the poor making all the laws.' He was too much influenced by the failure of continental countries to work democracy with success. The inarticulate classes were in urgent need of the reforms in social conditions which have been introduced by the various parties since his death, and 'it is the abiding blemish in Lord Salisbury's record that he did not take the first opportunity to investigate them.' It is a true and formidable indictment, but he was far from being the only offender. Victorian England was the paradise of the middle classes, and it required the campaigns of Charles Booth, General Booth, and other crusaders to shake them out of their complacency.

Salisbury's enduring reputation rests on his skilful handling of foreign affairs. Though he lived in the age of Imperialism and added vast tracts to the Empire, he was only, in his biographer's phrase, 'a reluctant Imperialist.' His attitude lacked the fervour and arrogance of Kipling, Curzon and Milner, and Mr. Kennedy describes him as less Imperialist than Rosebery. He agreed with Gladstone in his detestation of the rule of the Turks over the Balkan Christian and shared his wish to drive them out of Europe, though he was less inclined to take risks in the process. He was a true lover of peace, and after Bismarck's dismissal in 1890 he stood out as the greatest and most respected statesman in Europe. He loved no country but his own and hated no Continental régime

except that of the Turk. Friction with Russia in the Far East and with France in Egypt and West Africa he could scarcely avoid, but he never forgot Bismarck's maxim that 'politics are the art of the possible.' His greatest moment was his decision to avoid a collision with Russia over Port Arthur, which brought angry denunciations of weakness from members of his party who did not share his knowledge that a crisis with France about the Upper Nile was not far away. Like Bismarck, he was resolved never to have two powerful enemies on his hands at the same time.

Mr. Kennedy's political sympathies are with Salisbury, not with Gladstone whom he regards as a failure in foreign affairs. Yet the Grand Old Man possessed one priceless quality which Salisbury lacked: he understood how weak nations and races resent being ruled by aliens. Unlike Salisbury he realised that the control of Catholic Ireland from Westminster could not last for ever, and that Salisbury's recipe of 'twenty years of resolute government' would strengthen instead of suppressing Irish nationalism; nor could the Boers forever be held down by superior force unless we threw our liberal traditions to the winds. He knew that, in the words of Campbell-Bannerman, 'good government is no substitute for self-government.'

Mr. Kennedy has done his work so well that the reader turns the last page with the hope that he may be invited to complete the large-scale biography and that he will accept the invitation.

G. P. GOOCH.

*A. L. Kennedy. *Salisbury*. John Murray, 25s.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

In this first series of his Gifford Lectures Dr. Raven seeks to restore and vindicate the conception of "natural religion," by which he means a religion which finds in the natural order a manifestation of the Creator. He is well aware of the ambiguity which the phrase unfortunately has acquired, and of the controversies which in the past have given natural religion a suspicious colour in the eyes of orthodox theologians, and it must be said at once that he is not attempting to revive Deism or to dress it in modern clothes. Advocates of natural religion have frequently been enemies of the supernatural and of revelation. Dr. Raven does not pursue any such aim. On the contrary he maintains that the natural and the supernatural "belong together" and that this is one of the implications of the doctrine of the Incarnation. "If grace is radically contrasted with the beauty and truth and goodness of the natural order, then any belief in a real Incarnation is impossible—unless the Christ be, as the agnostics maintained, and their modern followers admit, a divine intruder totally other than mankind. The prejudice against natural religion, Dr. Raven holds, has been increased by the narrowing of the idea of nature which has become identified with the realm of science which again has tended to be reduced to what can be weighed and measured." We need to go back to the richer conception of nature as including the whole of man's physical environment including its values. The greater part of this volume is occupied with an historical survey of the conceptions of nature which have prevailed in the Western World. The Biblical attitude to nature is the subject of an interesting chapter in which Dr. Raven argues that the Hebrew and Greek points of view were much more akin than is generally allowed. The Old Testament has too often been interpreted from the standpoint of Luther and Calvin and an unreal contrast with the Greek optimism drawn. In fact the Hebrews were not so pessimistic nor the Greeks so self-confident as has been alleged by dogmatic theologians. Dr. Raven traces the rise of the modern scientific age from an unusual angle. He insists that the naturalists deserve much more prominence

than they are given in most histories and illustrates this by an account of many workers in this field. Perhaps a reader may be tempted to complain that the argument could have been made clear with less detail of the achievements of eminent naturalists, but the stories of these largely forgotten worthies are interesting in themselves. We approach the contemporary situation when we reach the controversy about Darwin. It is not quite clear where Dr. Raven himself stands in this debate. Quite evidently he accepts evolution as a fact, and equally clearly he does not believe that natural selection is the sufficient cause of evolution. Perhaps in his next volume he will take this question further. The lectures of this first series are, in a sense, preliminary to the discussions of the following series, which presumably will deal with the scientific world-view as it is now. We must look forward to his exposition with two questions in our minds: first, what is the scientific world view; is there in fact an accepted cosmology even in outline? and secondly, assuming that there is and that it may be regarded as approximately true, in what form can the doctrines of religion be held by an honest and instructed man? Evidently the doctrine of the Incarnation, on which Dr. Raven rightly lays such stress, has been presented in a setting which, from the modern scientific standpoint, is mythological; we need any light which can be given us on this problem of the restatement of Christianity's central belief. Dr. Raven's pungent note "on the recent reaction in theology" leads us to expect some valuable guidance. Meanwhile we must say that all who hold that reason and religion cannot be divorced without damage to both will draw encouragement from this book.

DR. W. R. MATTHEWS.

Dean of St. Paul's.

Science and Religion. By Charles E. Raven. Cambridge University Press, 21s.

FROM IBSEN TO ELIOT

It is perhaps safe to say that very few people could give, offhand, the date and title of Ibsen's first published play—a tragic verse-drama on the subject of Catiline, which owed its quite obscure appearance to the financial backing of a generous friend of the young author. But it is from this point in time that Mr. Raymond Williams has elected to start his critical survey and re-valuation of the Modern Drama. Nor is it, essentially, an unwise or unexplainable choice of period, since the middle of the 19th to the middle of the 20th century was to witness a crucial transformation in the aims and art-form of the drama, a keen interest in its plan and progress. Since that strange spate of dramatic poetry and poetic drama in Elizabethan times which came so unexpectedly, we remember, as to take even the *Intelligentzia* of the day (headed by that lyrical genius, Sir Philip Sidney) completely by surprise, it is doubtful whether there has been anything to surpass it.

And there is an animus—not to say, animosity—in the spirit of the reformers, into which we may find it rather difficult to enter. At a time when good—and super-good—plays and playwrights were as plentiful as blackberries, when what we are agreed to call the masterpieces of such "masters" as Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw and Yeats were supplying the stage with an embarrassment of their native riches, it seems almost a ludicrous outrage for Yeats (in 1903) and Eliot (in 1924) to declare that the theatre was grievously in need of reform in its principles and practice and that there was "nothing good about it at present."

These drastic censures (which, by the way, it seems to Mr. Williams are almost as well-deserved now as they were then) were directed against the vogue of the so-called naturalistic drama, in which the characters spoke (or were supposed to speak) the language of common everyday life and aimed, in every

way, at holding the mirror up to nature. This method was, of course, a great advance on the old romantic drama which it had superseded; but, in process of time, naturalism went too far and had become not only undignified, but dull and un-dramatic. It is to be noted that craftsmen like Shaw actually dressed up plays to look and read as much like novels as possible. The contention of Mr. Williams in this interesting and excellently written book is that a definite good-bye must be said to all such artificial naturalism, that the verse-play should be transformed and sublimated into the true poetical, that the language and whole setting of the drama must have a poetic dignity. This is not exactly an easy book to read; but it will reward very careful study and no student of the drama of the present—or the future—can afford to remain ignorant of its many stimulating suggestions.

G. M. HORT.

Drama: from Ibsen to Eliot. By Raymond Williams. Chatto & Windus, 18s.

THE NEW ISRAEL

Few people are better qualified than Professor Norman Bentwich to explain the new Israel to the British public. Since the early days of the Mandate, he has been intimately associated with the country, both as a law officer under the British Administration and as Professor of International Relations at the Hebrew University. Indeed, he represents a harmony between the two nations which his recent book on *Israel** should help to foster. In this short volume he gives a comprehensive picture of the vibrant life of the new State, its system and practice of government, social and economic problems and achievements since May, 1948, education and culture. It is drawn in the historical setting of the Jewish Dispersion, the British Mandatory Administration, and the final struggle against the Arabs. In general, he puts the Jewish case strongly and fairly, but not altogether without criticism. Discussing the flight of the 750,000 Arabs from Western Palestine in 1948, he attributes the primary cause to "the flouting of the United Nations decision by the Arab States and their invasion of Israel's territory." On the other hand, he does acknowledge at least as a contributory cause "the terrorist action of Jewish extremists." He compares favourably with the refugees the lot of the 180,000 Arabs who remained behind; but he frankly admits their inequality with the Jews, although given full political rights by the Constitution. "Economic discrimination, denial of the rights of property, and security measures which work hardship take away the virtue of the political assurances."

Professor Bentwich includes a graphic chapter on Jerusalem, more rigidly divided than Berlin. The frontier line running north and south, separating the old city from the new, prevents all normal movement, and intercourse between the two sides. Meanwhile Israel is rapidly developing the new city as the permanent capital. Not unnaturally, the author disagrees with United Nations policy of making Jerusalem an international city under United Nations control, and he attributes this policy as largely due to Vatican influence. In any event, whatever the power of the Papacy in the United Nations, the latter's policy towards Jerusalem has long ceased to be realistic.

A. DE MONTMORENCY.

*"Nations of the Modern World" series. Ernest Benn. 21s.

HAROLD LASKI'S POLITICAL TESTAMENT

There is no doubt that the late Professor Laski was one of the most stimulating and influential academic teachers of political science during the past 25 years. There are thousands of men and women in all parts of the world who gratefully remember him as a brilliant and fascinating lecturer, and as a generous and

warm-hearted human being who commanded not only respect for his truly phenomenal erudition but also loyalty and affection. He had that invaluable and enviable gift of conveying to his audience the enthusiasm which he himself felt for his subject, and he possessed that rare ability to draw sparks even from the dulllest subjects and from the least sensitive of his listeners. It was therefore a wise decision to publish his last contribution to contemporary political thought in spite of its lamentably fragmentary character, as there will be a great many readers who in the words of the editor will welcome it 'as a last gift even in its present state'. Whether it would not have been wiser to revise it more thoroughly, and to re-write certain phrases which were obviously preliminary notes rather than final statements, is a different question. His style as a writer sometimes tended to be ponderous and even overlaid, and the book contains some regrettable specimens which he himself would probably have revised and which it would have been kinder to throw out altogether.

There is an important sense in which the dilemma of our times is in fact Laski's own dilemma. He was fundamentally a Liberal, furiously though he would have rejected this assertion, who had his essential intellectual roots in the Rationalism and Humanitarianism of the eighteenth century. Like so many in a similar intellectual position he became a socialist because modern industrial society outraged his deep sense of justice, and much of his political thought was a passionate protest against the greed and selfishness which he sincerely believed were the inevitable outcome of the capitalist system. Like many clever people he was attracted by the pseudo-scientific analysis of society provided by Karl Marx, although significantly he never wholly accepted the inevitability of violent revolution which is inherent in Marxism. In contrast to Marx, who never even began to understand Britain although he lived here for forty years, Laski deeply loved England and had an intimate knowledge of the British Constitution which he expounded so admirably to his students. Freedom was therefore more than a catchword to him and, although he believed that there was no freedom without equality, he was too honest and too intelligent to overlook the fact that Marxism in sacrificing freedom to equality was bound to bring forth a ghastly tyranny in which greed and selfishness were just as rampant as they had been in capitalist society. Yet he could never bring himself to admit this conclusion openly, and he failed to realise until the end that wickedness is not merely the 'function' of a particular social organisation but an elementary fact of human nature. In other words, he refused to see that the dilemma, not only of our times but of all times, is fundamentally not an economic or a political problem at all but a moral one. Marx thought he could change man by changing conditions, whereas it should by now be abundantly clear that no change in conditions will make the slightest difference unless man is changed as well. The worker in Russia is in fact in greater danger of being exploited than is his opposite number in England, even though the boss in one case is a state official and in the other a private 'capitalist'.

This basic human dilemma reveals itself most clearly and indeed tragically in Laski's attitude to the Soviet Union. Like many progressive people in Western Europe he was for a long time inclined to see in the Russian revolution a 'new dawn of history' and to overlook its ugly and disturbing features as purely temporary and even irrelevant. In 1943, when he wrote *Faith, Reason and Civilisation*, he still believed and hoped that Russia would point the way to a new era of social justice and world peace. To him, therefore, the breakdown of the war-time collaboration between East and West and the emergence of the cold war must have come as a particularly bitter blow. It was in order to come to terms with this blow that he began to write the present book which at first was designed merely as a supplement to the earlier treatise. He was far too honest to conceal either from himself or his readers his deep disappointment

with the policy of the Russian Government. He clearly saw the revolting tyranny which Stalin had established, and had no illusions about the purges, the secret police and the soul-destroying uniformity which the Red Czar had imposed on the Russian people. The humanitarian in him revolted against this travesty of an ideal society, against this betrayal of the rights of man, and he saw quite clearly that Man in Russia had merely exchanged his masters but had retained his chains, even if his material circumstances had changed for the better in the process.

Even now, however, Laski failed to see that the new rulers of Russia merely continued the old imperialist policy of the Czars, and that the cold war was not the result of Western fear of communism as such but was the inevitable consequence of this neo-imperialist policy. He was at pains to find excuses for Russia's policy, and we must in all fairness admit that many of these excuses are perfectly valid. It is another elementary human fact that right is never entirely on one side. His deep disappointment shows itself in the way in which he lashes out against everything that seemed to him mean and despicable in our civilisation. He has no difficulty in showing that there are some very ugly features in the Western camp also, and America comes in for a great deal of justified criticism. Even the Labour Government receives its due share, and future historians may agree with Laski in his devastating estimate of Mr. Bevin as Foreign Secretary. Since the book is a fragment and we cannot know how the argument was to be continued, it would be unfair to complain that the author offers no solution of the dilemma he has so clearly outlined; but we cannot help wondering whether any solution is possible as long as we think in terms of an agnostic and rationalist humanitarianism.

REINHOLD ARIS.

The Dilemma of our Times. By Harold J. Laski. Allen & Unwin, 18s.

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The German Army in the West, by General Westphal (Cassell, 17s. 6d.) is a sober record of some of the most important aspects of the Second World War. As Chief of the Staff to Rommel in Africa, Kesselring in Italy, and Rundstedt in France, he knew all the plans and understood all the difficulties. But the book is much more than a narrative of successful or unsuccessful campaigns. Strategy can never be diverted from policy, and to the lay reader the most interesting parts are his comments on events and celebrities. The whole work is a vindication of the army chiefs, who achieved all that was possible with the means at their disposal. They were handicapped throughout by the interventions of Hitler, and the miserable performance of the Italian ally. The army, he declares, knew nothing of politics, and had not the slightest responsibility for making Hitler dictator, or for the decisions which led to the war. The German army was unready for war in 1939, and the celebrated West Wall was a bluff. Two costly errors were made in the early stages of the conflict: the French should have broken through the West Wall and the Italians should have seized Malta at whatever cost. Rommel is admirably portrayed as a soldier and a man. Kesselring fought with clean hands in Italy, helped to save art treasures from destruction, and was not responsible for the excesses that occurred. Mussolini, unlike Hitler, was willing to listen to the advice of the commanders without flying into a rage. The final portion describes the mounting and the failure of the Rundstedt offensive. Rundstedt hated Hitler, and only his desire to remain with his troops to the bitter end prevented his resignation. In the First World War the army chiefs controlled policy, in the Second the half-crazy Führer dictated the strategy. General Westphal's calm narrative should help to counteract the efforts of the neo-Nazis and Neo-Fascists in Germany and Italy.

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